RIP OFF comix

NO. 25

RIP OFF PRESS

NOT FOR CHILDREN

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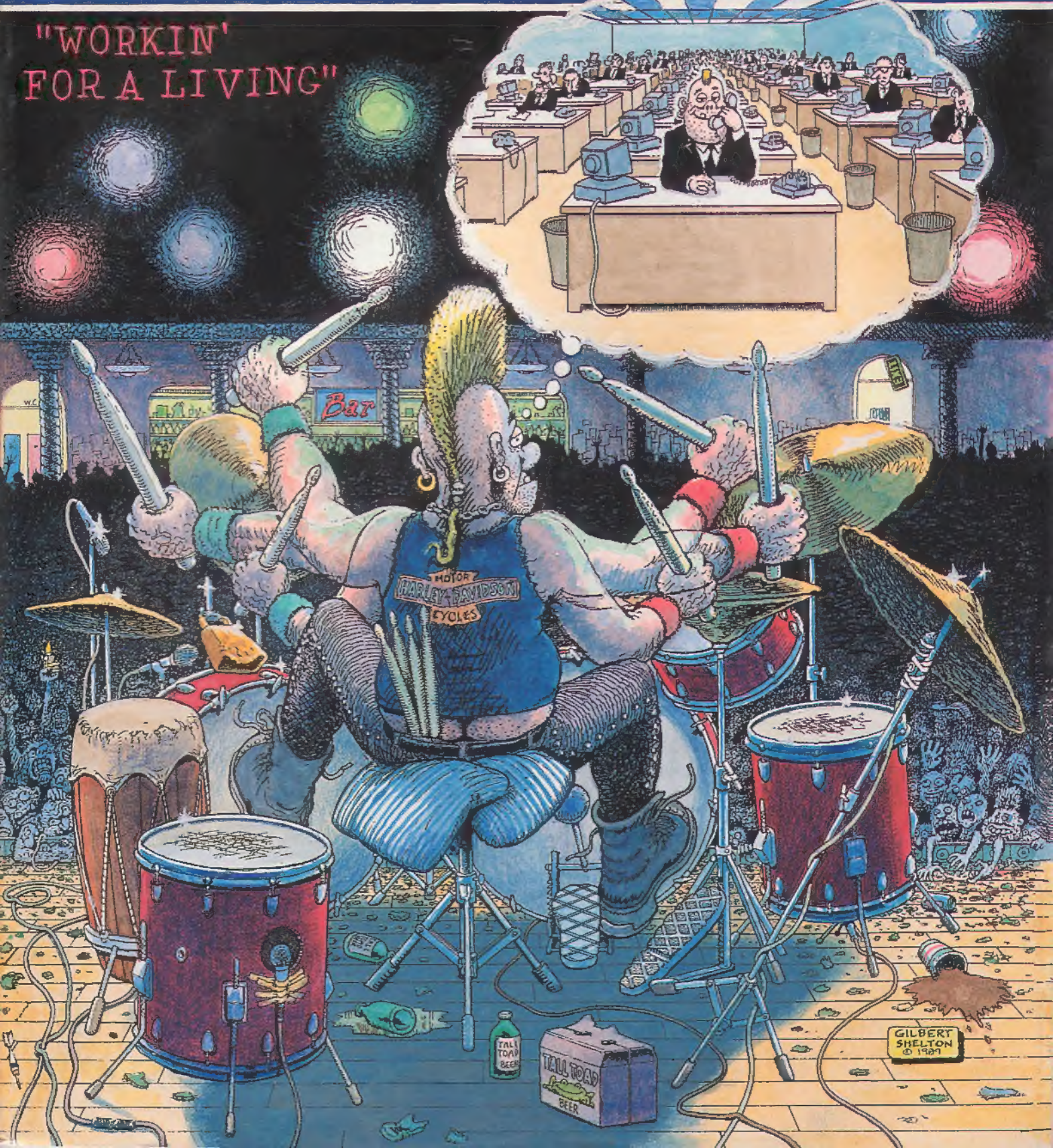

WORKIN' FOR A LIVING

As I sit here on the beach waiting for my generously multi-zeroed, Rip Off Press royalty check, Fred Todd (the publisher) has requested that I take a few spare minutes out of my endless slack to put down my thoughts and feelings on "work."

It's been quite awhile since I did any "work" (as Rip Off Press knows only too well, since, at the time of this writing, *"Bob's" Favorite Comics* is more than three months overdue) so my memories of the subject are rather dim. All I really can recall is that I have always regarded "work" with blind, cold hatred from the time I was a small child. I believe to the depths of my soul that the world owes me a living and whenever I had the misfortune to find myself at a job (paperboy, short-order cook, heraldic researcher, jet pilot, movie star, hit man, televangelist), I felt that a horrible joke was being played out on me, an evil betrayal of cosmic proportion. Inevitably though, I would soon be "fired" or, even better, "let go" by my eternal nemesis, the "boss," and would find myself back once again at my preferred occupation, staring at a blank wall and drinking endless cups of strong, black coffee.

Actually, our World couldn't care less about our individual successes or failures. To the planet you and I are beneath notice, mere microscopic blobs of protoplasm, short-lived food-tubes crawling around on its crust, moving the dust back and forth. The real trick is to convince *other humans* that a living is owed you. Once you get enough gullible suckers to accept this patent nonsense, sit back and wait for the bucks to roll in. If it works for organized religions, stock exchanges and governments it should work for you. No matter how absurd or illogical your scheme is, there will always be at least three hundred people that will take it seriously enough to send you all their money and even *die* for you if you so desire.

Don't believe me? Then send a $1,000 check made out to me, care of this magazine and get in on the ground floor of my very own personal monetary self-improvement program, *Something for Nothing*.

How did I come by this civilized outlook?

Think about it. We all get just so many hours in our brief lives and then we die. What's an hour of your life worth? How much do you get an hour, anyway? .003¢? "Minimum" wage? Five bucks? Ten? Fifty? Five thousand? Whatever the amount, it can never be enough to compensate for those irreplaceable minutes you spent doing something you never would have done at all if some jackal hadn't taken advantage of your basic, natural needs or desires and bribed you with spurious promises of "big pay." Third World or First World, it's still the same con game.

In all actuality, most of your so-called "desires" are probably synthetically induced implants produced using a vast spectrum of both primitive and sophisticated brainwashing techniques *by the very same people that hired you.* They're so skilled at this that you can even be aware of this subjugative mind control and not even care. You might even *like* it. If so, You're EXACTLY where they *want* you. On their leash, begging for treats. Just be careful when they jerk your chain, sometimes your neck can snap. And don't expect your owners to give your family even a simple "I'm sorry" when they toss your broken body into the street.

Oh sure, you *need* things. Sustenance. Shelter. Clothing. Medicine. Comic books. You know, work or die, just like any living creature, with meaningless dignity. Once basic necessities are met, however, how much *more* do you WANT? How much *more* can you possibly CONSUME? As much as your net worth and then some. Credit's easy to come by as long as you *work.*

Yes, the only true work of art may well be the art of work, but never forget the one thing even a type-A Top Ape can't buy back with his wages: TIME.

Dear friends, they can *never* replace the time they take from you. No matter what your job is, if you wouldn't be doing it anyway without that paycheck spurring you on, you're being extorted, cheated, robbed of your very LIFE! I tell you, the tiniest, diseased amoeba that lives in the lowest intestinal tract of the most miserable, disgusting leech in the scummiest puddle in the world will have more freedom than you without ever being conscious of it.

Tic. Tic. Tic. It's so easy. Minute after minute, gone forever.

Some jobs are so disgusting that anyone attempting to take them on as a vocation deserves swift execution: military officers, politicians, realtors, stockbrokers, rock stars, lawyers, producers of cute "baby" movies, armaments manufacturers, stand-up comics, ad executives, nuclear power engineers and TV talk show hosts. I'm sure you can add a few of your own favorite parasitic categories to this list without too much effort.

Not that there aren't legitimate types of work. Hunters, cartoonists, gatherers, cartoonists, farmers, cartoonists, healers and cartoonists, to name a few. This catalog is pretty short, but that's the true nature of work for you.

I'm reminded of the famous fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant. You know, where it's Summer or Fall or something and the Grasshopper's kicking back (so to speak) in the weeds, drinking beer, watching the Ant dragging fragments of stale taco chips nine-hundred-times-his-own- weight back to his hole in the dirt, hoarding them for hard times. This goes on for hours. The Ant takes only two fifteen and one thirty minutes breaks and throws himself right back into his mindless toil when these brief rest periods end.

Finally the sweaty Ant notices his fellow insect having a good time goofing off and can't resist stopping by the Grasshopper to give him attitude. The Ant's being a real cretin, balancing this boulder of junk food on his back, going on and on about welfare bums and how *he's* been slaving all his life, being a *productive* member of bug society and how *he'll* be damned if *he's* going to support lazy bums who don't have anything better to do than sit on their green sternums, rubbing their back legs together, when all of a sudden a huge shadow falls over both of them there by the side of the road.

It's a colossal, imported running shoe, coming down fast! The Orthopterid, fully rested, books, sproinging away to safety while the exhausted Ant, weighed down by his load, slowly tries to move out of the way. The unaware jogger mashes the slow-moving Ant and the corn chip to an acidic paste and carries the bitter goo away, stuck to her rubber tread.

The Grasshopper, not being one to ignore a free gift, moves into the dead Ant's condo and lives off the stash until Spring, throwing big parties for his friends all Winter long.

Anyhow, that's the way *I* heard it. I'm not sure what the moral of this pithy little tale is—it's just too much work to figure it out, don't expect me to do the hard part for you.

I didn't even write this piece. I hired a ghost-writer for a fraction of what I'm being paid for this essay, to write it for me and my own personal ghost-editor, so that I don't even have to read this drivel before turning it in to *Rip Off Comix*. The only thing I personally have to do is endorse the check.

All I know is, I'm not working and you are.

—Paul Mavrides
Tahiti - 1989

WORK, WORK, WORK...

Not all the comix in this issue are about working. Actually, many cartoonists have the same attitude toward work as Paul Mavrides, whose views on the subject are so articulately expressed on the preceding page; with the result that they know nothing about the subject and have instead furnished us with expositions on the usual subjects of sex, drugs, dogs, cats etc.. But that's OK—it's all good stuff anyway, ranging from the strictly silly like **GILBERT SHELTON'S** front cover to the nearly-realistic vision of working presented by **GUY COLWELL'S** fine back cover painting. Someday, maybe, I'll tell you all about the exciting, glamorous workday of an underground comix publisher—if I can remember. In this line of work taking lots of drugs is obligatory, and the old brain cells ain't what they used to be...

-Editor

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"Gee, I can't understand *why* I'm always getting fired..."

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"You work as a *cartoonist*? You mean like Garfield?"

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Fat Freddy's Cat does his part to Keep Our City Clean.

NEXT ISSUE: Come with us to the Wild, Weird West as *HECK!* contributor and co-editor Bruce Hilvitz edits us an entire issue devoted to "Vampiric Cowboys"! Bizarre Buckaroos and "biting" satire brought to you by the likes of Richard Sala, Mary Fleener, Carol Lay, R.L. Crabb and nearly a dozen others.

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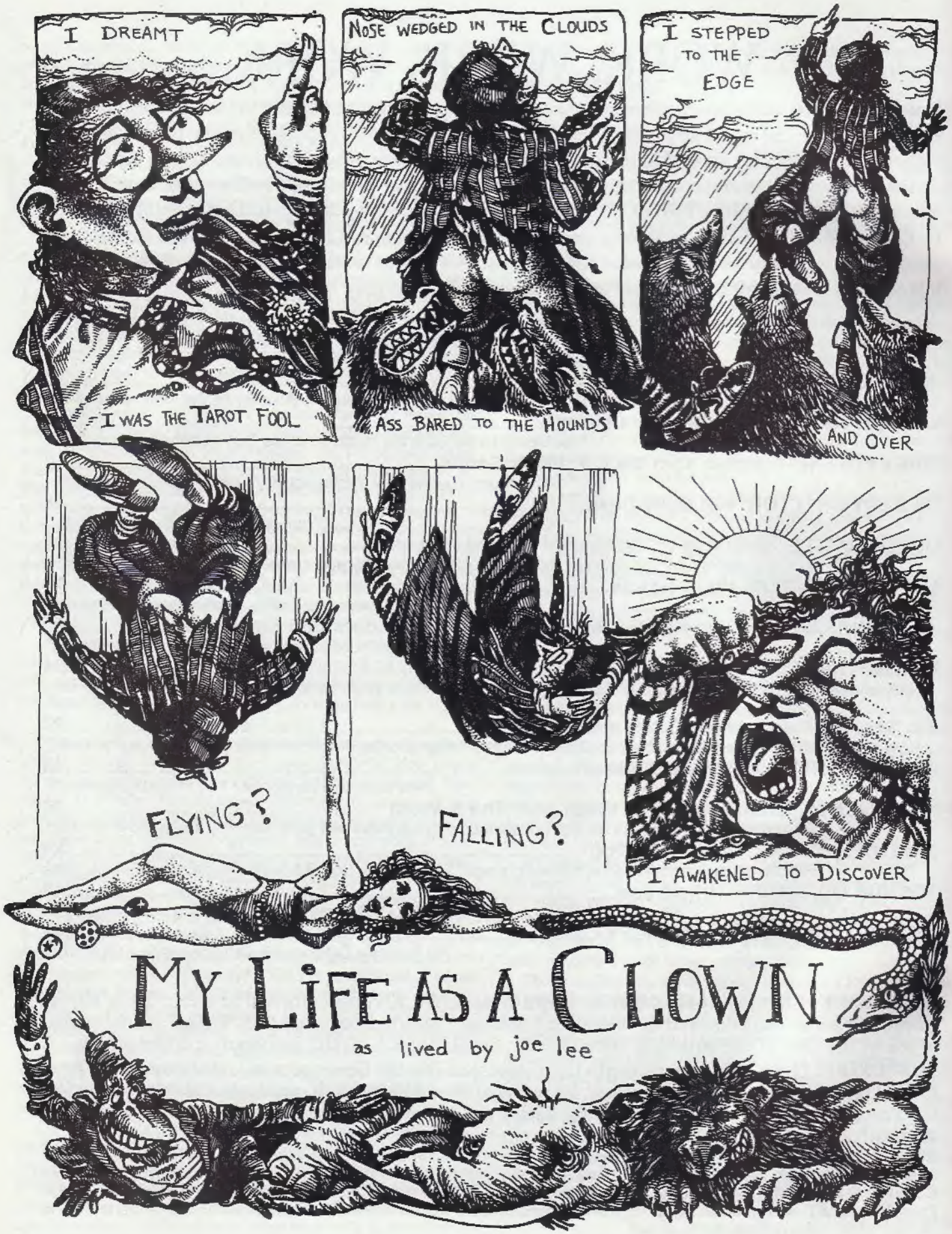
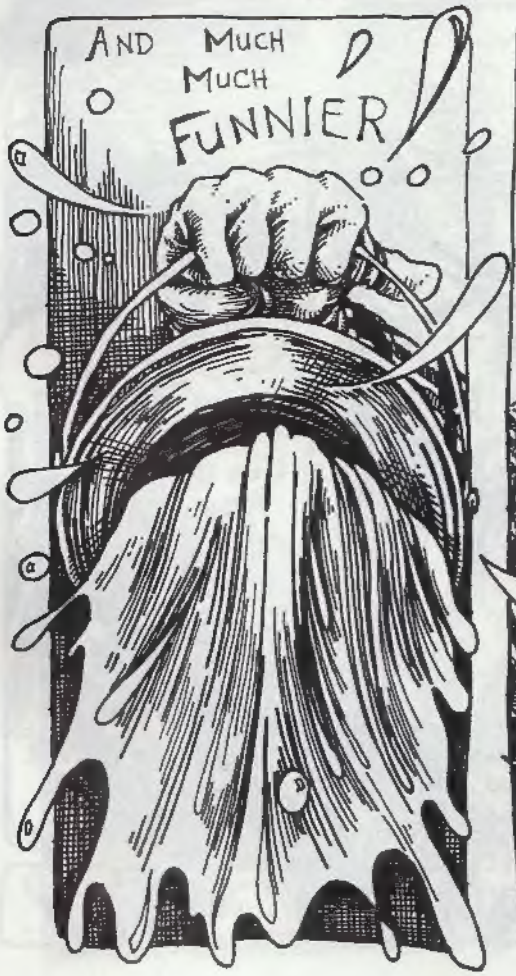

I DREAMT
I WAS THE TAROT FOOL
NOSE WEDGED IN THE CLOUDS
ASS BARED TO THE HOUNDS
I STEPPED TO THE EDGE
AND OVER
FLYING?
FALLING?
I AWAKENED TO DISCOVER
MY LIFE AS A CLOWN
as lived by joe lee

WHICH WAS EXACTLY LIKE MY DREAM

BUT IN A TENT

SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE


AND MUCH MUCH FUNNIER!

WHO COULD DREAM

JACQUES COSTOOO
THE WORLD'S ONLY AEROBIC FISH

AND ON
AND ON
AND ON . . .

HA HA HA
THE LAUGHS RUMBLED TO THUNDER
TEARS TO RAIN
THANK YOU, THANK YOU
BOWING OUT
EYES BLINDED BY BRIGHT LIGHTS
SHOES HEAVY WITH MUD
HEART HEAVING TO KNOW
WE HAVE LIGHTENED THE BURDEN
EASED THE RIGORS OF FACE AND LIMB
BROUGHT MIRTH INTO A JOYLESS WORLD

BUT WE HAVE OUR OWN LESSON
NO MATTER HOW BIZARRE OUR CONTORTIONS
HOW SEDUCTIVE OUR JOKES
HOW TICKLISH, OUR REPARTEE NO MATTER
WHEN AN ELEPHANT SHITS IN THE RING
HA HA HA
IT ALWAYS GETS THE BIGGEST LAUGH . . .

PLAYIN' FOR A LIVING!
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DRUMNAMBULIST
If you think that playing music must be a really fun job, then maybe this story will straighten out your ideas...
LINZEE ©1989
WELL, THE RENT'S DUE & I HAVENT HAD A GIG IN WEEKS!
RING
THE MUSIC GAME'S SLOW FOR ME..
SYDNEY 1978
HI LINZ! ITS ARTHUR EIZENBERG.
IZZY EISENSTEIN! WOT'S HAPPNIN' MAN?
WANNA DO A GIG THIS ARVO?
YEAH!
ITS AT KOGARAH LEAGUES CLUB. SEVENTY BUCKS.
GREAT!
CAN YOU PICK ME UP ON THE WAY?
SURE!
I ADORE LADIES DAYS!
My Saviour
WE START AT ONE.
OKAY. I'D BETTER GET GOIN' — IT'S NEARLY TWELVE NOW & IT'LL TAKE AN HOUR EASY FROM HERE.
½ Hr. later:
WILLIAM ST
PALMER ST
I'LL BE COOL ONCE I GET THRU THIS CITY TRAFFIC.
The lights changed and-
GROINK
WOZZAT? OH CRIPES! THAT'S ME TAILSHAFT ROLLIN' INTO THE GUTTER!!
KLANG
DO NOT LITTER
RRRRR
HOTEL
*@+!!
WOT LUCK!
I CAN ROLL DOWN THIS LANE & PARK.

I transferred the drums to a cab & whipped the driver to Arthur's place in record time.

WHERE'S YA CAR?

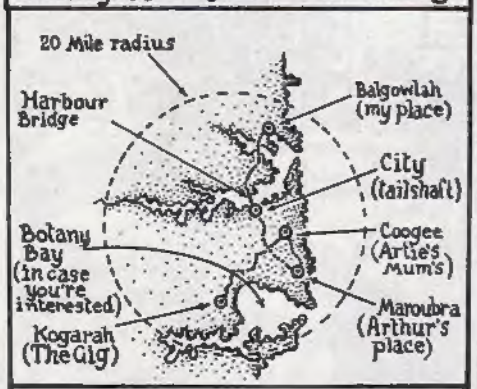
DONT ASK. WHERE'S YA BASS?

I GOTTA PICK IT UP AT ME MUM'S – COOGEE PLEASE DRIVER.

OH NO, THAT'S MILES BACK – WE'LL BE LATE!

NAH, SHE'LL BE RIGHT, DONT WORRY.

Dear Reader~ I hope this map of Sydney gives some little idea of my distraught peregrinations that day.



Between the cab & the tailshaft, this gig wasnt looking too lucrative!

Finally:

TWO MINUTES TO ONE! I'LL NEVER GET SET UP IN TIME! WHAT IS THIS GIG ANYWAY?

KOGARAH LEAGUE CLUB MEMBERS ONLY

ACME CABS

THE AVE

@*#*!! CHEAP MUZOS!

THE USUAL. WE JUST GOTTA BACK A COUPLA ACTS.

Inside:

AH, THE BAND! WE WONT NEED YOU FOR AN HOUR YET – THE FIRST ACT USES RECORDED MUSIC! COME THRU..

PHEW! TERRIFIC! WELL, I'D BETTER SET MY GEAR UP

Ladies Day

More tomtoms than you could shake a stick at

Ladies Day

OH YOU NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED BRINGING YOUR KIT – WE'VE GOT A BRAND NEW SET OF ROGERS! SEE?

WHEN'S THE SHOW ON ALEX?

DRAMATIC CHORD!

WANTED: ONE BASS PLAYER
by MARY FLEENER ©1989

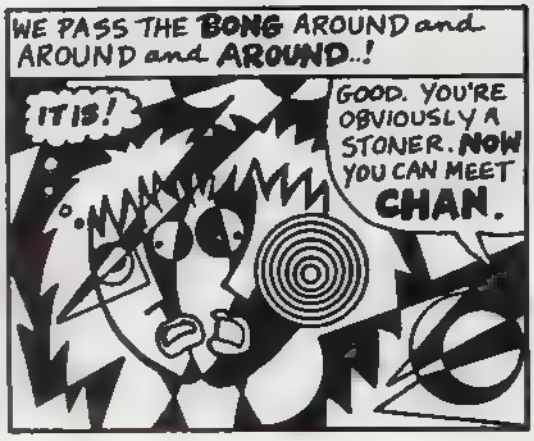
LIKE A FOOL, I'D LISTED MY NAME IN A MUSICIAN'S CONTACT SERVICE
WE NEED A GIRL BASS PLAYER FOR A BELLY DANCING ENSEMBLE...UH, HOW OLD DO YOU LOOK?

FINALLY, I GOTTA HOT TIP...
HI! I'M MARY, WE TALKED ON THE PHONE.....?
OHH... YEAH... C'MON... IN.....

LISSEN, LET'S MEET THE BAND AND GET ACQUAINTED. YOU DO SMOKE POT DON'T YOU?
UH.... SURE!

IT'S REAL IMPORTANT THAT YOU DO. IT TIES US IN WITH UNIVERSAL VIBRATIONS. IT ADDS TO OUR MUSICAL VISION. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? YA LIKE THAI STIX?
WHATEVER...

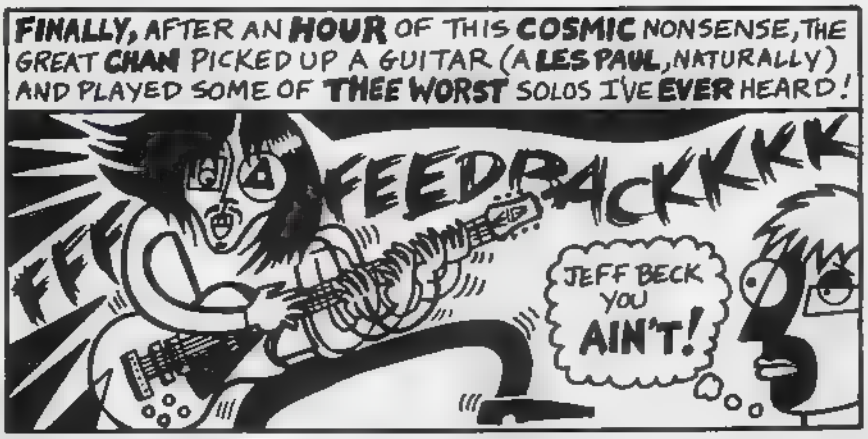
THIS IS WHAT CHAN WANTS AND HE'S THE LEADER OF OUR BAND. YOU HAVE TO SMOKE THIS NOW.
BET IT'S NOT REAL THAI WEED...


WE PASS THE BONG AROUND and AROUND and AROUND..!
IT IS!
GOOD. YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY A STONER. NOW YOU CAN MEET CHAN.

A SMALL DARK SQUIRRELY-LOOKIN' GUY ENTERED THE ROOM
WHAT A CREEP!
CHAN...

THEN, WITHOUT A WORD, HE JUST TURNED AROUND and LEFT
!
OK, LET'S GO OUT TO THE GARAGE AND JAM. CHAN WILL JOIN US WHEN IT SOUNDS GOOD ENOUGH.

THERE WERE ONLY TWO MUSICIANS: A HARMONICA PLAYER and A DRUMMER
THIS ISN'T WORKING...
BOOM BAKKA!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOP!


FINALLY, AFTER AN HOUR OF THIS COSMIC NONSENSE, THE GREAT CHAN PICKED UP A GUITAR (A LES PAUL, NATURALLY) AND PLAYED SOME OF THEE WORST SOLOS I'VE EVER HEARD!
FFF
FEEDBACKKKK
JEFF BECK YOU AIN'T!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER HE UNPLUGGED HIS GUITAR AND WALKED OUT OF THE GARAGE
THAT'S IT?!

WE ALL WENT OUTSIDE
UH, I'D BETTER COME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT. CHAN DIDN'T RELATE TO WHAT YOU WERE PLAYING.
WHAT D'YA EXPECT?!? WE WERE JAMMING, FER CHRISSAKE...

OH, YOU'RE GOOD, IT'S JUST NOT WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR. I KNOW SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS A BASS PLAYER, ...FOR US... ...SOMEWHERE...

IT WAS HARD TO NOT BE SARCASTIC
WELL, GEE GUYS, THANKS FOR LETTIN' ME DOWN SO EASY AND THANKS FOR TH' HIGH.
GRRRRRR.....
COME BACK TO US IN A YEAR, OK? CHAN MIGHT LISTEN AGAIN...

THE END

THE 12 BAR BLUES ON ACID

by MARY FLEENER ©1989

I HADN'T BEEN PLAYING VERY LONG WHEN A FRIEND SUGGESTED I JOIN UP WITH HIS BAND

C'MON DAVE, YOU **KNOW** I CAN'T PLAY BASS THAT WELL YET.

AW, IT'S **EASY** STUFF TO PLAY. I WANT YA T'BE IN A **BAND!**

WE SET A DATE TO PRACTICE and I PONDERED THIS MOMENTOUS OCCASION

GEE... MY FIRST GROUP...

THE "STUDIO" WAS AN OLD DUMPY HOUSE IN LONG BEACH. **TERRIBLE** NEIGHBORHOOD

YO' ROCK n' ROLL MAMA!

UH, DAVE, I'M TAKING MY EQUIPMENT INSIDE. **NOW.**

AFTER INTRODUCTIONS and "REFRESHMENTS", WE WENT INTO THE **BAND ROOM**

OUR NAME'S TH' **"MEAN GENIES!"**

CAN YA PLAY "JOHNNY B. GOODE"?

IS HE SERIOUS?!?

YEAH. VERY UN-HIP... **RIGHT?**

OH YEAH! **CHUCK** IS JOE'S ALL-TIME FAVORITE. THAT'S THE **ONLY** STUFF WE PLAY!

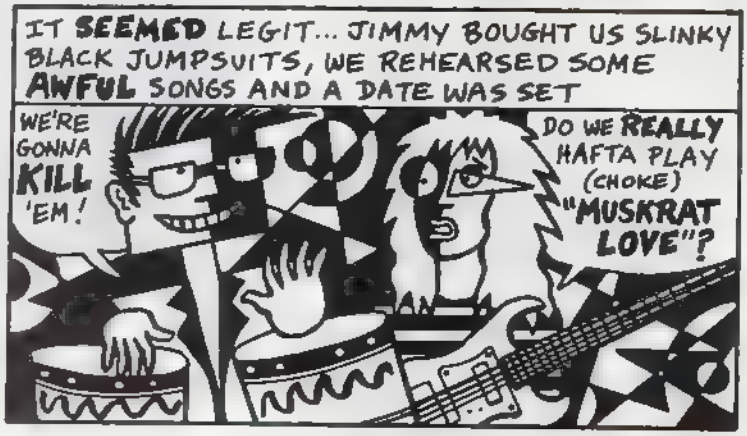
JOE, THE GUITAR PLAYER, ABSOLUTELY **WORSHIPPED** MR. CHUCK BERRY

WELL, YA **KNOW WOT?** IT'S THE EASIEST MUSIC TO PLAY AND IT'S THE **HARDEST T'PLAY RIGHT!! THOSE TRENDY GODDAMN FASHION VICTIMS WHO CAN'T TUNE** A GUITAR GOTTA **LOTTA** NERVE PUTTIN' DOWN CHUCK BERRY!!!!!

WE PLAYED ALL AFTERNOON AND I ACTUALLY FELT LIKE I'D LEARNED SOMETHING
LOOKIT THOSE BLISTERS!
HEY, NEXT PRACTICE LET'S TAKE ACID WITH JOE!
YOU MEAN HE WAS.....ON LSD? AND HE CAN STILL FUNCTION ?!!?
SURE! EVERY DAY!!
SO, FOR THE NEXT COUPLE MONTHS EVERY TIME WE PRACTICED EVERYONE AT THE HOUSE WAS VERY, VERY... merged...
HELLO
HI EVERYONE! I'M HERE!... DOES IT MATTER?
HI
IT'S AMAZING HOW LITTLE LSD AFFECTS MUSIC
WHERE'S JOE, DAVE? WE'RE ONLY TAKIN' A 5 MINUTE BREAK!
OH, HE'S PROBABLY CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE. S'OK, DON'T WORRY... IF WE START PLAYING HE'LL BE O.K!
THEN DAVE GOT A GIRLFRIEND, A HOLLYWOOD GROUPIE WHOSE NAME I'VE FORGOTTEN ON PURPOSE
WANNA COME OVER FOR LUNCH?
I'D BE DEEE-LIGHTED! NOONISH?
SHE HAD PHOTOS OF ALL HER "CONQUESTS" ON ALL HER WALLS. HER BATHROOM WAS AN ECO-SYSTEM FROM HELL.
THERE MUST BE YEARS OF MAKE-UP CAKED IN THAT SINK!
FINALLY, AFTER GREASY ENCHILADAS, SHE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS.
I KNOW YOU'VE SLEPT WITH DAY-VID. WELL, WE'RE MOVING TO HOLLYWOOD. TOGETHER. UNDERSTAND?
THAT WAS IT FOR OUR LI'L BAND
WHAT NEXT? POLKA ON HALCIONS? WONDER IF CHUCK NEEDS A NEW BASS PLAYER...
THE END

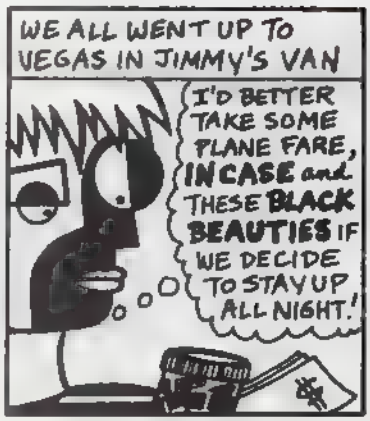
Talent Night AT THE Sahara Room
by MARY FLEENER © 1989

I WAS INVOLVED WITH THIS ALL-GIRL GROUP and THE "LEADER", JIMMY, WANTED TO CASH IN ON OUR GENDER
YAY!
OK!
WE GOTTA PLAY VEGAS! MY MANAGER WILL PAY FOR EVERYTHING!
THEY'LL LOVE US!
AW RITE!
GREAT!
BIG DEAL!


IT SEEMED LEGIT... JIMMY BOUGHT US SLINKY BLACK JUMPSUITS, WE REHEARSED SOME AWFUL SONGS AND A DATE WAS SET
WE'RE GONNA KILL 'EM!
DO WE REALLY HAFTA PLAY (CHOKE) "MUSKRAT LOVE"?

WE SETTLED ON A NAME (SORTA)
JIMMY 'CONGA' DIN and THE CROWN JEWELS!! LIKE IT? I LIKE IT.
IF ANYONE I KNOW FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS I'LL BE RUINED...

JUST WHO IS THIS MANAGER OF YOURS AND WHERE ARE WE GONNA STAY? SOME CHEESY MOTEL?
HE'S AN OLD FRIEND O'MINE. DON'T WORRY! WE'LL STAY AT THE BEST PLACES! REALLY!


WE ALL WENT UP TO VEGAS IN JIMMY'S VAN
I'D BETTER TAKE SOME PLANE FARE, IN CASE and THESE BLACK BEAUTIES IF WE DECIDE TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT!

AND... 7 BORING HOURS LATER AT TWO-THIRTY IN THE MORNING
HERE WE ARE!
MOTEL 666
VACANCY
NO! C'MON...
THIS IS JUST TEMPORARY, GIRLS. MY MANAGER WILL GIVE ME MORE MONEY!

NEXT DAY WE GO TO A DIVE TO MEET THIS "MANAGER", WHO LOOKED LIKE AN OLD PROSPECTOR. BOTH HE AND JIMMY GET UP, GO TO **ANOTHER** TABLE AND LEAVE US SITTING THERE FOR A FEW HOURS!

WHAT ABOUT **US?**

I DIDN'T BRING ANY MONEY...

THEY'RE EATING! HOW **RUDE!!** THIS IS TOO MUCH!

GIRLS, THE REASON I'M IN THIS HERE BUSINESS IS 'CUZ **I LIKE PEOPLE.**

ABOUT TONIGHT...

SAY, DON'T YOU GALS WEAR ANY **MAKE-UP?** I WANTCHA T'WEAR **BRAS**, TOO.

TRAITOR!

DON'T MAKE **ANY** JOKES ABOUT **DONNY** and **MARIE.** THAT MEANS YOU, MARY

NO SMOKIN' OR DRINKIN' BACKSTAGE!!!

BE SURE TO **SMILE** UP ON STAGE. SMILE **BIG!**

SO WE AUDITIONED THAT NIGHT AT THE *Sahara Room.* IT WAS AS PATHETIC AS I IMAGINED

IF THIS IS WHAT IT TAKES TO "MAKE IT", I'D RATHER BE **DEAD!**

HEY! WHAT DIDJA THINK OF US?

SO... YOU **CAN** BE FRIENDLY, **CAN'T** YOU?

TONS OF MAKE-UP, TEASED HAIR AND PUSH-UP BRA!

THAT NIGHT WE STAYED AT THE SAME DUMP

I'M, UH, OUTTA CASH SO WE'LL HAFTA SHARE BEDS. CAN I SLEEP WITH YOU, MARY?

GO DIE.

DOES THAT MEAN "NO"?

DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO REALIZE **WE'D** BEEN **HAD.** "HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE **FIVE** WOMEN MUSICIANS SCORNED." WE WERE **CRUEL** and **UNUSUAL!!**

HEY, JIMMY, YOU **SUCK!**

YEAH, I'VE SEEN BETTER CONGA PLAYERS ON TH' STREET!

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP, JERK!

YEAH, HERE'S MY **MAKE-UP.** YOU NEED IT MORE THAN I DO!

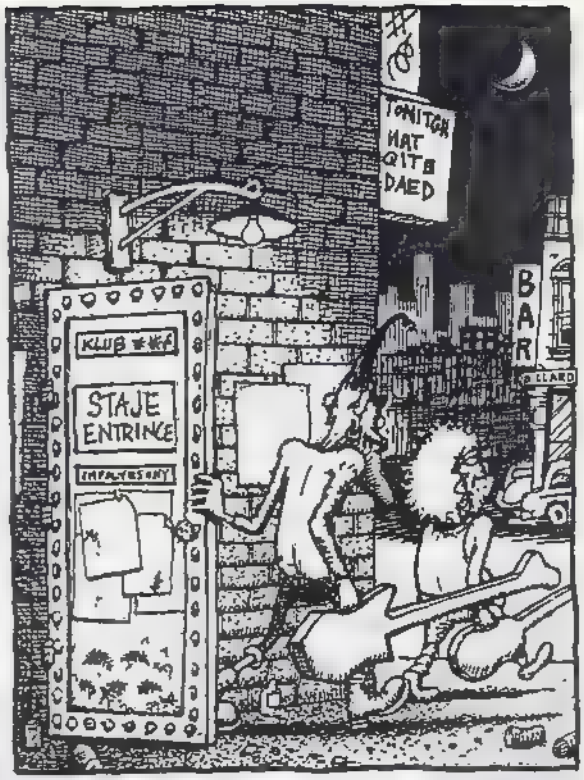
HEY, DIDJA HEAR TH' ONE ABOUT DONNY + MARIE...

L.A.

AW, HE **LOVED** IT.

TH' END.

NOT QUITE DEAD
©198
by GILBERT SHELTON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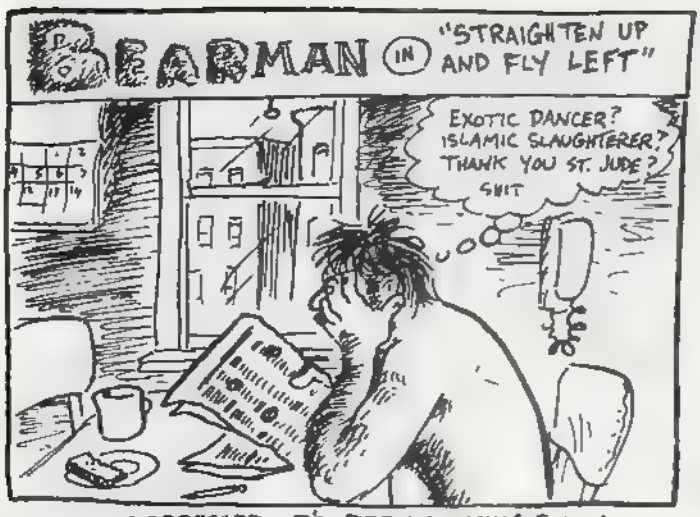
KLUB
STAJE
ENTRINCE
BAR

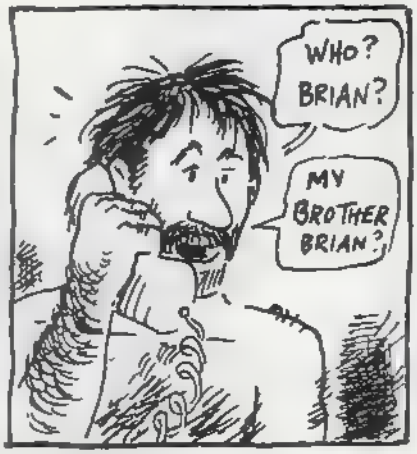
NOTHIN' LIKE A NICE QUIET BEER OR TWO AFTER A GIG, HUNH?
YUP. MAYBE SHOOT A LITTLE POOL!
BAR



I WAS DEPRESSED. I'D BEEN LOOKING FOR A JOB FOR 3 MONTHS...

SOMETHING WHERE MY IDIOSYNCRASIES WOULDN'T BE TOO NOTICEABLE.

I DESPAIRED OF EVER BEING ABLE TO "FIT IN"... I FELT TERRIBLY SORRY FOR MYSELF.



I GOT A CALL FROM MY BROTHER!

HE WAS IN TOWN... I HADN'T SEEN HIM IN EIGHT YEARS.

WE MET AT THE LOCAL DENNY'S. I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM AT ALL. GUESS I HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH.

HE WAS A COPIER SALESMAN HE WORKED FOR A LARGE CORPORATION.

HE KEPT TALKING ABOUT HOW GREAT HIS JOB WAS, HOW MUCH MONEY HE MADE....

HE KEPT SAYING THAT IF I'D JUST "GET SERIOUS" AND "BUCKLE DOWN", I'D GET A GREAT JOB LIKE HIS AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE JUST DUCKY.

BUT HE KEPT DRINKING VODKA TONICS AND AFTER A WHILE HE WAS TALKING ABOUT ALL THE PRESSURE, HOW HE HAD NO TIME OFF, HE HAD TO MAINTAIN A PERFECT OUTER SHELL. HE SPENT LOTS OF MONEY ON CLOTHES.

HE DESCRIBED SLEAZY AND DEGRADING THINGS HE DID TO SELL COPIERS.
HE WAS GETTING REAL SLOPPY.

THE DENNY'S PEOPLE FINALLY ASKED US TO LEAVE. THEY DON'T LIKE SAD DRUNKS AT DENNY'S.

I HADN'T INTENDED FOR HIM TO COME TO MY PLACE. BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

DRUNK AS HE WAS, I THINK HE WAS APPALLED.

THE NEXT MORNING HE LEFT. EVERY HAIR IN PLACE.

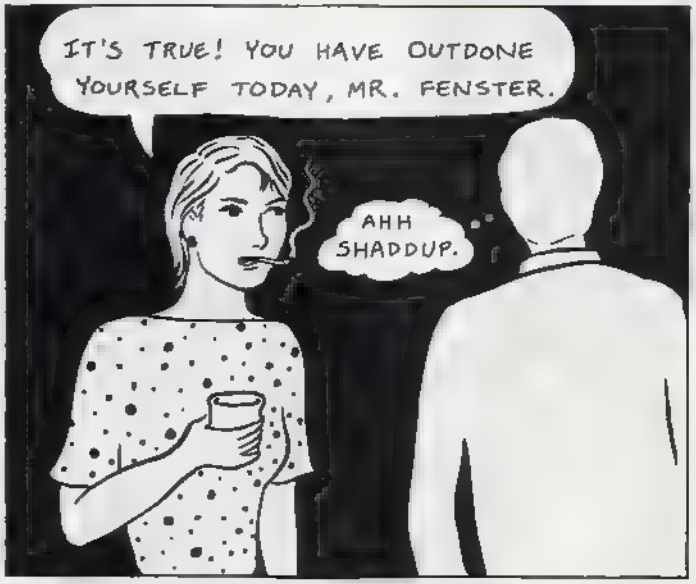
ABOUT HALF AN HOUR LATER I REALIZED MY DEPRESSION WAS COMPLETELY GONE.

HI PATTY... MR. FENSTER. AH, ANOTHER DAY OF KEEPING MY EXCITEMENT UNDER CONTROL AT DULL & COMPANY.
ANOTHER EIGHT HOURS OF MAKING WHOOPIE, TYPING REAL ESTATE QUOTES, INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT REPORTS, PLUS LOTS OF CRAPPY
ANITA!
Lee Binswanger ©1989
Work-a-daze
YOU AND YOUR WORD PROCESSOR ARE MAKING TOO MANY GOOFS. THE HEAD HONCHOS ARE GETTING MAD.
WHAT DO THEY EXPECT? THE WORK PUTS ME TO SLEEP, AND I DON'T TYPE WELL WHEN I'M ASLEEP!
EMPLOYEES
WAKE UP! WE GOTTA GET TO WORK!*
BONK!
*KIDS-DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME
NOW WE'RE COOKIN'!
HUMMmmm...

LOOK AT THESE HANDS! I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A SURGEON.
OR EVEN A GOOD TYPIST.

Y'KNOW, I WORK BETTER WHEN MY IRRITATION LEVEL IS UP— IT KEEPS ME ALIVE AND KICKING!

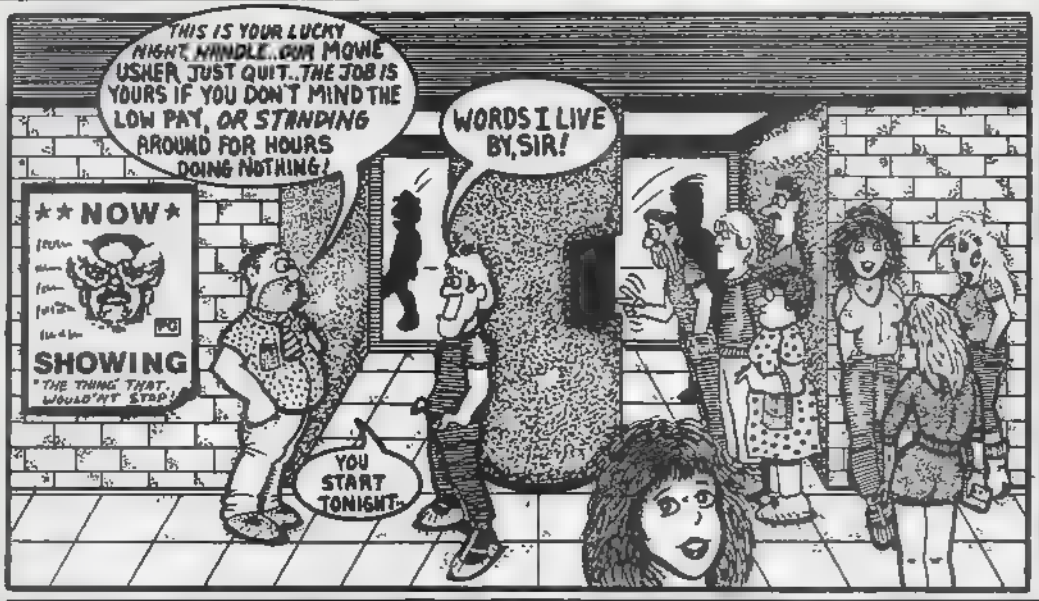
YOU SHOULD GET SOME OF THE COFFEE MR. FENSTER MADE THEN. IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN USUAL.
CH'ERS.

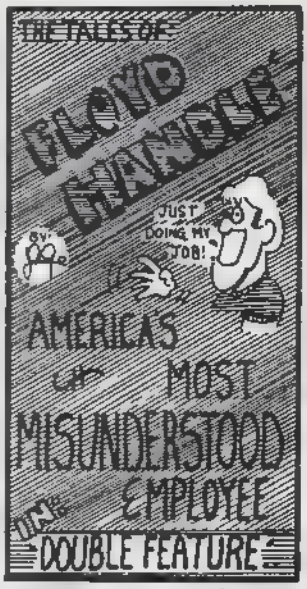

IT'S TRUE! YOU HAVE OUTDONE YOURSELF TODAY, MR. FENSTER.
AHH SHADDUP.

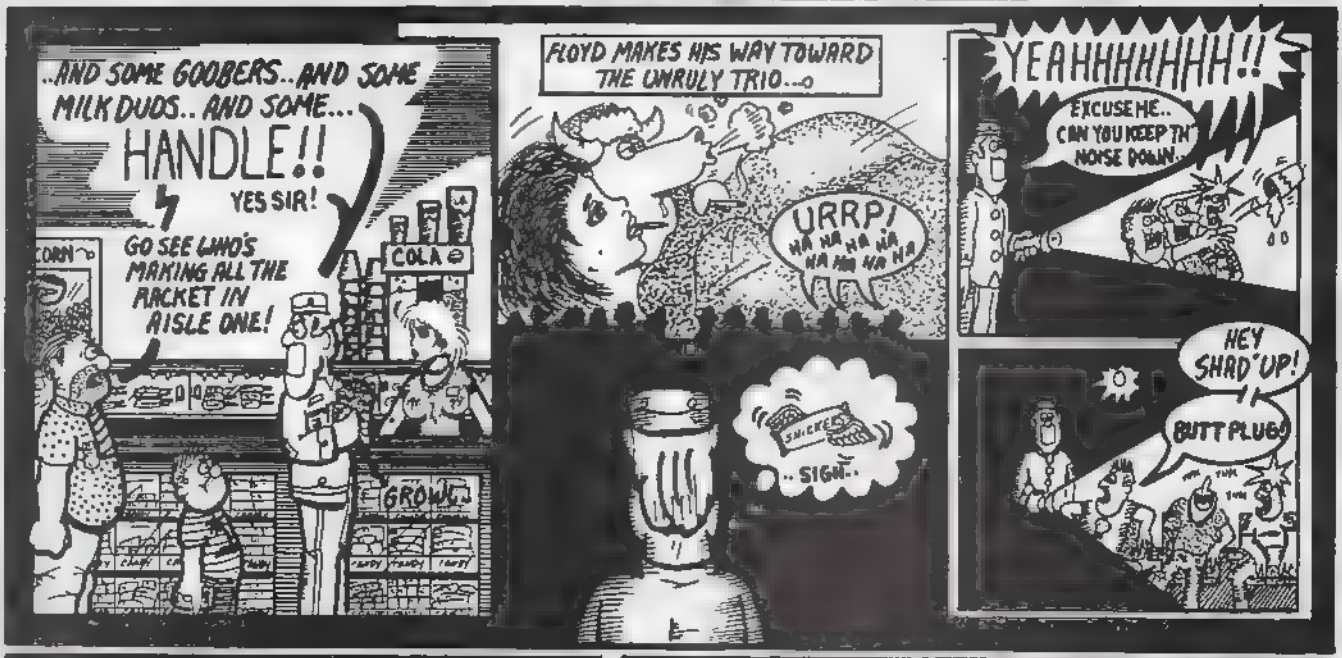
WHAT DO YOU DO TO STAY ALERT, PAT? YOU ALWAYS SEEM SO WIDE AWAKE.
YOU'VE NEVER NOTICED? I PUT SPEED IN MY COFFEE AND SOMETIMES I TYPE WITH MY ELBOWS.

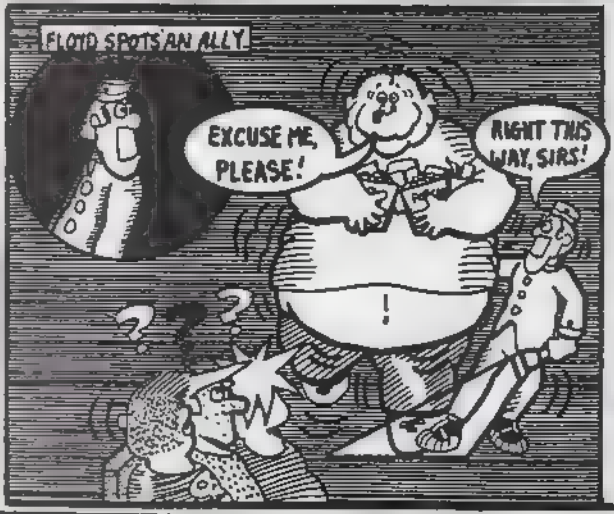
OR ELSE I TAKE OFF MY SHOES AND TYPE WITH MY FEET!
WHAT CAN I SAY, PAT? YOU'RE A GENIUS!
L.A.

THE TALES OF:
FLOYD HANDLE
ZIGGY I'M NOT!
BY
AMERICA'S MOST MISUNDERSTOOD EMPLOYEE
FLOYD RESHAPES THE MEANING OF CUSTOMER SERVICE IN: THE PARKING LOT ATTENDENT...
TICKET PLEASE!
HEY! WHEN'YA GETTING PROMOTED TA' NIGHT WATCHMAN?
GIGGLE
GIGGLE
SNICKER
$1.00 PER CAR
ONE DOLLAR PLEASE
HEY! WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, HOW BOUT CHECKING TH' OIL AND WATER!
YUK
YUK
YUK
FLICK
PARKING
BLAHBLAHBLAHBLABLAH
BLAHLOSER HA HA HA
BLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHBLAH
FOOL HA HA HA HA
BLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHBLAH
BLAHGEEK HA HA HA
HA BLAHBLAHBLAHBLAH
BLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHBLAH
BUTTWIPE HA HA HA
HEY! SEE'YA LATER, CHAMP!
PAT
PAT
PAT
BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP
PARKING
CLICK
YUK
BIK
BIK
HEY.. YOU SCRATCHED MY GATE!!


THIS IS YOUR LUCKY NIGHT, HANDLE..OUR MOVIE USHER JUST QUIT..THE JOB IS YOURS IF YOU DON'T MIND THE LOW PAY, OR STANDING AROUND FOR HOURS DOING NOTHING!
WORDS I LIVE BY, SIR!
★★NOW★
SHOWING
"THE THING THAT WOULD'NT STOP"
YOU START TONIGHT..


THE TALES OF
FLOYD HANDLE
JUST DOING MY JOB!
AMERICA'S MOST MISUNDERSTOOD EMPLOYEE
DOUBLE FEATURE

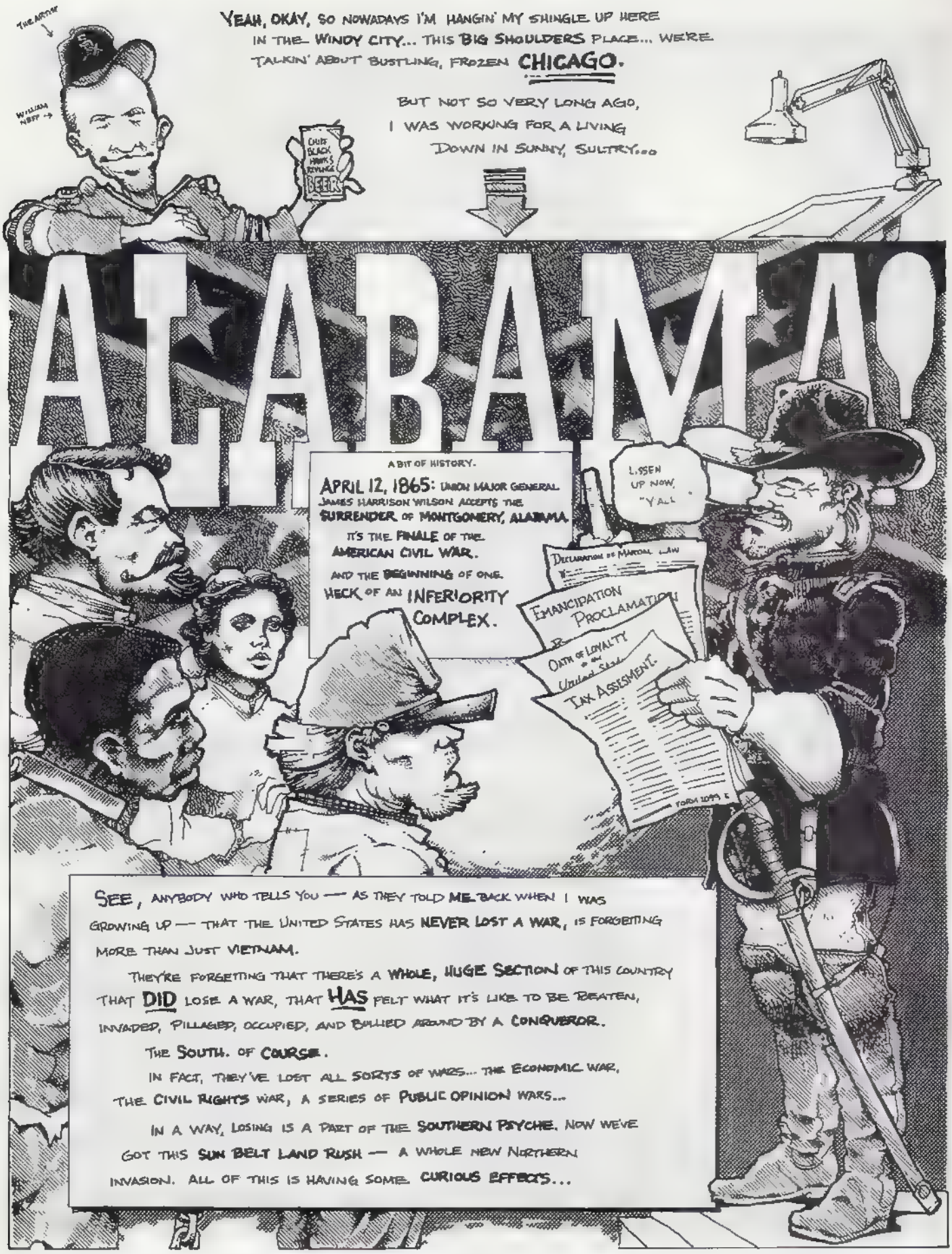

..AND SOME GOOBERS..AND SOME MILK DUDS.. AND SOME... HANDLE!!
YES SIR!
GO SEE WHO'S MAKING ALL THE RACKET IN AISLE ONE!
CORN
COLA
GROW
FLOYD MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE UNRULY TRIO...
URRP! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
SNICKERS
..SIGH..
YEAHHHHHHH!!
EXCUSE ME.. CAN YOU KEEP TH' NOISE DOWN.
HEY SHAD'UP!
BUTT PLUG!


FLOYD SPOTS AN ALLY.
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!
RIGHT THIS WAY, SIRS!
!
? ? ?

WHOMP!
WOW!
HANDLE! YOU'RRRRE FIRED!!
THAT'S SHAW BIZ..
AGHHHHHHHHHHH

FLOYD GETS A 'WILDHAIR', AND UNDERGOES A 'CLOSESHAVE' IN: THE BARBER...
YOU SAY YOU LOST YOUR CERTIFICATE IN A FIRE HUH?.. WELL, WE ARE 'SHORT' TODAY..
I WAS BORN TO STYLE M'AM!
THE TALES OF:
FLOYD HANDLE
BY
IS IT LUNCH YET?
AMERICA'S MOST MISUNDERSTOOD EMPLOYEE
YOU CAN START WITH MR. DOWNLIP OVER THERE.. ONE OF OUR BEST CLIENTELE BUT, A BIT TESTY..
TESTY IS MY MIDDLE NAME, M'AH!
AND HOW ARE YOU TODAY, SIR?
ARE YOUR HANDS CLEAN?
HUH?
READ MY LIPS.. ARE YOUR HANDS CLEAN?!!
I GUESS SO..
GEEZ!
GO WASH THEM SO I CAN BE SURE!!
THIRTY FOUR SECONDS LATER...
SLAP SLAP SLAP
ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
START WITH THE BACK..
I WANT EXACTLY ONE INCH OFF THE BACK.. AND EXACTLY ONE THIRD, NO MORE, NO LESS THAN ONE THIRD OF AN INCH OFF AROUND THE EARS, AND WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES!! I'VE SEEN NITWITS LIKE YOU, COME AND GO IN THIS PLACE...
HMMMM...
FLAP FLAP
AND AWAAAY WE GO!!
WING WING WING
ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP ZIP
CLIP CLIP CLIP CLIP
TEN BUCKS FOR THE PERM, AND 'TWO BITS' FOR TH' RIDE..
CONT..

WANTED
GUITARIST NEEDED FOR NEW ROCK & ROLL BAND... PROFESSIONALS ONLY APPLY....
HOW GOOD CAN YA' PLAY, MAN?
I CAN "SLAP TH'SKINS, A MEAN BEAT," DAD...
YOU MEAN THE DRUMS, DON'T YOU?
NO...
THE TALES OF:
FLOYD HANDIE ©
AVE GOT BLISTERS ON ME FINGERS
AMERICA'S MOST MISUNDERSTOOD EMPLOYEE
"BY TH' WAY.. WHICH ONES PINK?"
ANY PARTICULAR SONG 'YA WANNA JAM ON, MAN?
YOU GUYS KNOW KUM BA YA?
WHAT A GEEK!!
HEY MAN. NOT SO LOUD!
FLOYD DOES A LITTLE HENDRIX...
..VERY LITTLE...
HELP!
POP
PUUUUF
BONK
CRASH
SNAP
BA BOOM
CRASH
F'UMP!
UH, SORRY MAN.. THATS A LITTLE TOO HEAVY.. EVEN FOR US!
THATS OKAY, I'VE DECIDED TO GO SOLO!


THE ARTIST
WILLIAM NEFF
YEAH, OKAY, SO NOWADAYS I'M HANGIN' MY SHINGLE UP HERE IN THE WINDY CITY... THIS BIG SHOULDERS PLACE... WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT BUSTLING, FROZEN CHICAGO.
BUT NOT SO VERY LONG AGO, I WAS WORKING FOR A LIVING DOWN IN SUNNY, SULTRY...
CHIEF BLACK HAWK'S REVENGE BEER
ALABAMA!
A BIT OF HISTORY.
APRIL 12, 1865: UNION MAJOR GENERAL JAMES HARRISON WILSON ACCEPTS THE SURRENDER OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.
IT'S THE FINALE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.
AND THE BEGINNING OF ONE HECK OF AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX.
LISSEN UP NOW, "Y'ALL
DECLARATION OF MARTIAL LAW
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
OATH OF LOYALTY
TAX ASSESMENT.
SEE, ANYBODY WHO TELLS YOU — AS THEY TOLD ME BACK WHEN I WAS GROWING UP — THAT THE UNITED STATES HAS NEVER LOST A WAR, IS FORGETTING MORE THAN JUST VIETNAM.
THEY'RE FORGETTING THAT THERE'S A WHOLE, HUGE SECTION OF THIS COUNTRY THAT DID LOSE A WAR, THAT HAS FELT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE BEATEN, INVADED, PILLAGED, OCCUPIED, AND BULLIED AROUND BY A CONQUEROR.
THE SOUTH. OF COURSE.
IN FACT, THEY'VE LOST ALL SORTS OF WARS... THE ECONOMIC WAR, THE CIVIL RIGHTS WAR, A SERIES OF PUBLIC OPINION WARS...
IN A WAY, LOSING IS A PART OF THE SOUTHERN PSYCHE. NOW WE'VE GOT THIS SUN BELT LAND RUSH — A WHOLE NEW NORTHERN INVASION. ALL OF THIS IS HAVING SOME CURIOUS EFFECTS...

I USED TO BE STAFF ARTIST FOR THE MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER, THE MORNING PAPER OF ALABAMA'S CAPITAL CITY. ME-- AN OHIO BOY-- WORKING A WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE! ...BUT THE JOB SEEMED LIKE AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR CREATIVITY...

EDITOR

AH NEED ME AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THIS HERE STORY ON DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, NEFF! AH'M LOOKIN' FER DARKNESS!! AH'M LOOKIN' FER ANGUISH!! D'Y'UNNERSTAND??

HUP.

SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE

CREATIVE JUICES FLOWING CAUTIOUSLY

HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU... RECOGNIZE THESE TWO BOZOS? THEY'RE BOTH NATIONAL FIGURES FROM THE PAST. AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, THEY BOTH SOUGHT THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THEY BOTH ENDED UP GETTING SHOT BY POLITICALLY IRRELEVANT KOOKS. THEY DIDN'T LIKE EACH OTHER A WHOLE LOT. ONE OF THEM IS REMEMBERED AS A NATIONAL HERO. ...DID YOU KNOW THAT THE OTHER ONE IS STILL ALIVE--?!

I BET NOT.

Bobby Kennedy.

George Wallace.

WOAH, NOW, BOY!! AH'M NOT LOOKIN' FER THAT MUCH DARKNESS!! AH... MAYBE YOU KIN, ER, TONE IT DOWN JUST A SMIDGE.

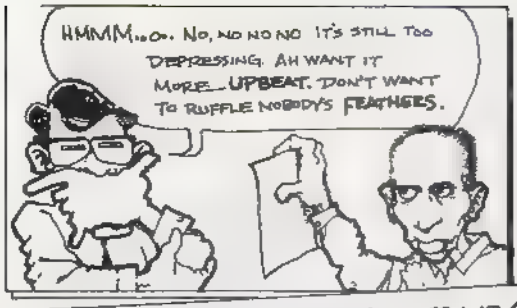
TOTAL MATT MAHURIN RIP-OFF

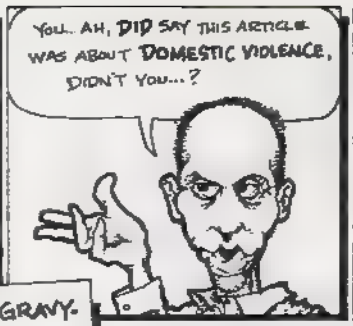
BACK TO THE OLD DRAWING BOARD!!

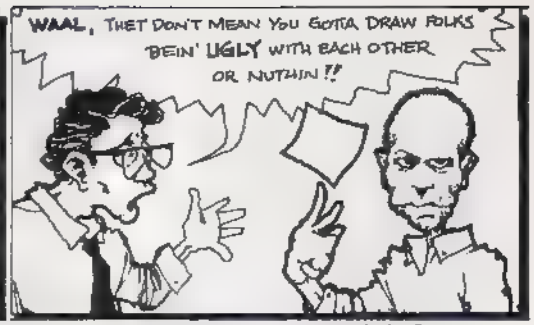
YES, KIDS, THIS IS AN ACTUAL CONFEDERATE FLAG FLYING FROM THE ALABAMA CAPITOL DOME! IT WENT UP IN RESPONSE TO THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS ACT OF 1964 AND IS NOT, IN FACT, THE SAME FLAG THAT FLEW DURING THE CIVIL WAR... BUT IT MAKES THE POINT.

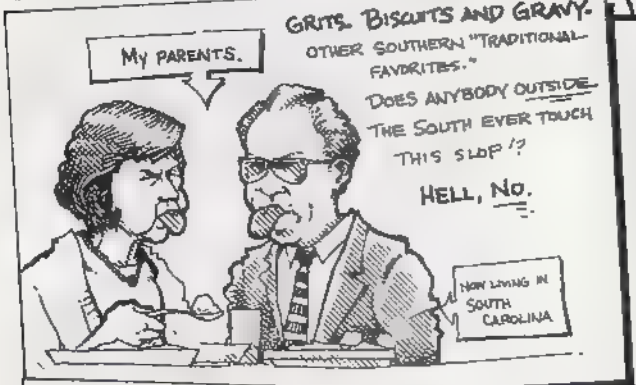
CATCH IT QUICK!! THE NAACP IS LOBBYING LIKE WILDCATS TO GET IT TAKEN DOWN.

...OF COURSE, THAT WILL STILL LEAVE THE ALABAMA STATE FLAG, THE RED ST ANDREWS CROSS, WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.. BUT OH WELL.

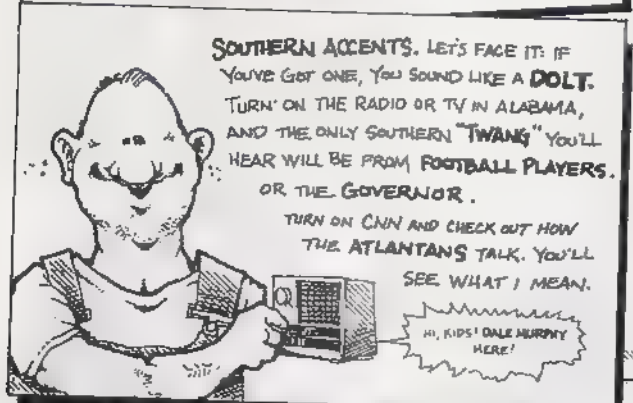


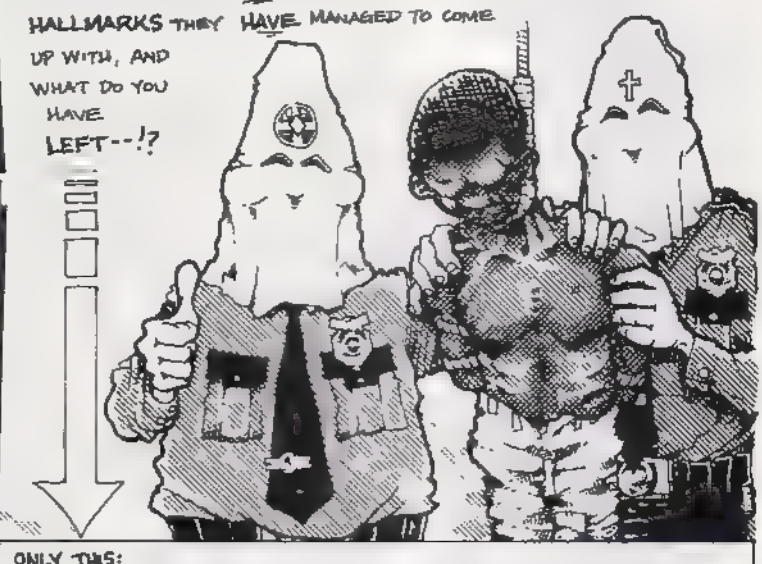






I MEAN, POVERTY, IGNORANCE, INTOLERANCE... JIM CROW LAWS... SAM NUNN... OF COURSE I WOULDN'T WISH THESE THINGS ON ANYBODY! BUT WHAT'S LEFT FOR POOR, OLD "DIXIE" WHEN EVERY SINGLE ORIGINAL, INDIGENOUS CONCEPT THESE GUYS COME UP WITH BY THEMSELVES IS DESTROYED, SUPERSEDED, SPURNED, OR OUTLAWED BY THE REST OF THE COUNTRY!? HUH!? YOU TAKE AWAY WHAT CULTURAL HALLMARKS THEY HAVE MANAGED TO COME UP WITH, AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE LEFT--!?



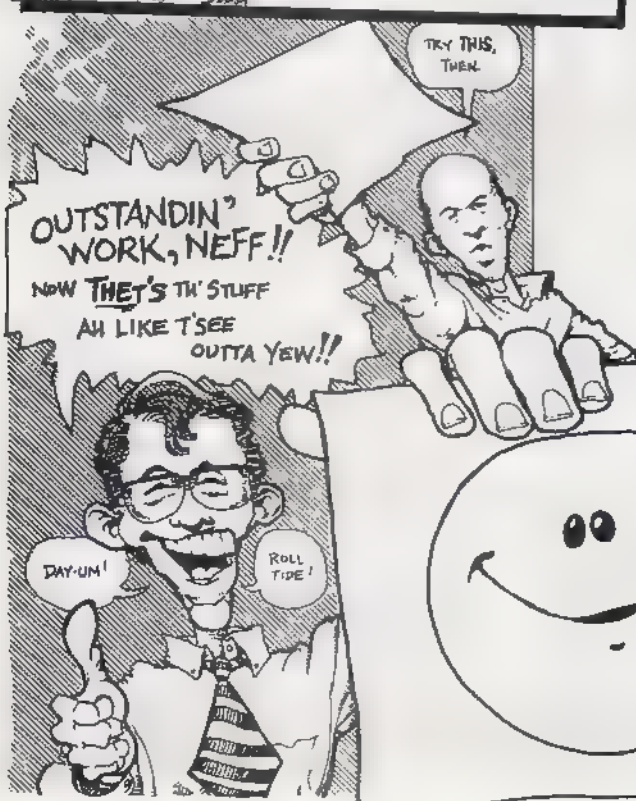


ONLY THIS:

A TOTALLY HOMOGENIZED, BOWDLERIZED, SANITIZED

LEBENSRAUM.

THERE YOU HAVE IT
MY POCKET REQUIEM FOR THE OLD SOUTH.

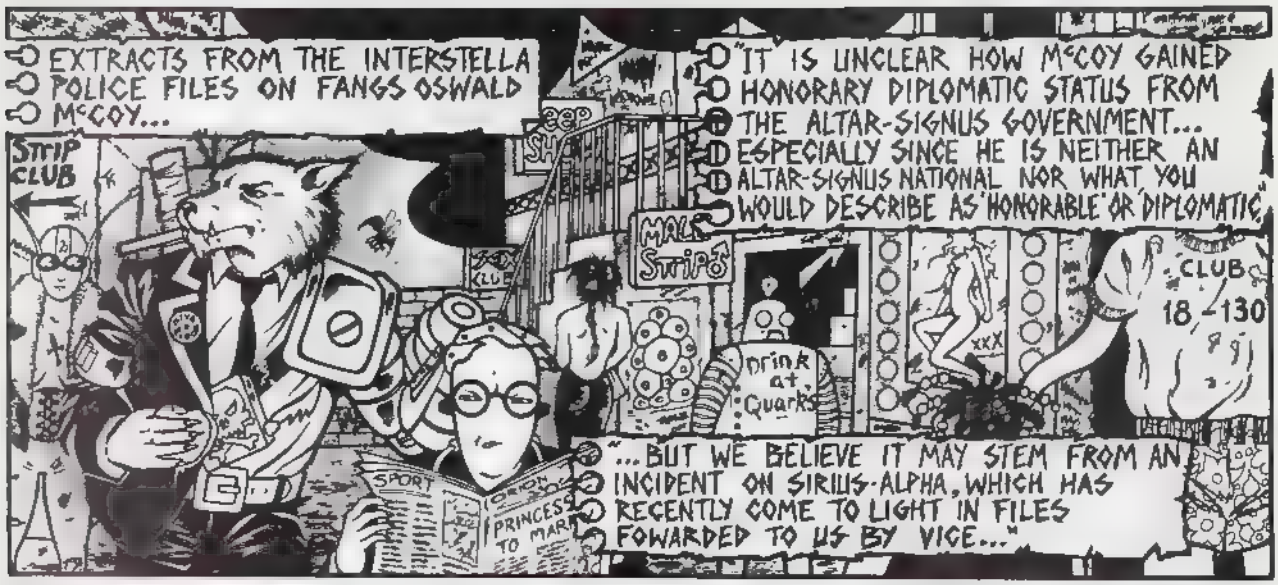


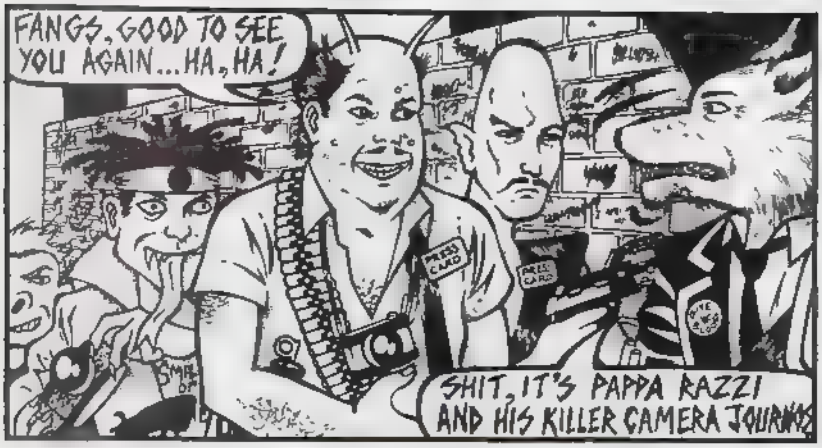
ME? I DECIDED I PREFERRED THE ORIGINAL MIDWEST, THANK YOU.

WRNeff.

FANGS M'COY: JOB HUNTER!

BY JOHN A. SHORT





WE'RE HERE ON THE TRACK OF A VERY IMPORTANT MAN. WE'RE REALLY GOING TO DIG SOME DIRT.
CAN'T TELL YOU ANYMORE NOW BUT KEEP WATCHING THE HEADLINES!
HERE...
...MY NUMBER. IF YOU GET ANY NEWS-SLANDER-GOSSIP-OR-SCANDAL, JUST RING...
PAPPA RAZZI
ring X000111D
CIAO!
THAT WAS THE MAN WHO PERFECTED THE ART OF BAD JOURNALISM.
HE ONCE MURDERED HIS OWN AUNT AND UNCLE FOR THE "DISMEMBERED PENSIONERS FOUND IN POP STAR'S LUGGAGE" STORY. WHAT A CARD!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD FIND HIM STORY...CUZ WE NEED THE MONEY...
FREE DRINK $7 A SEAT
WE'VE SPENT $699986 OF THE $700000 REWARD YOU GOT FOR ARRESTING YOURSELF.
... 14 DOLLARS...!?
FREE DRINKS... $7 A SEAT!
GREAT...WE'VE STILL GOT ENOUGH.
INSIDE...
HOT XXX
COME ON...
OH... GOOD GRIEF!
LATER...INSIDE.
YEY!
WHAT DID I TELL YA...? MY KIND O' PLANET!
RIP!
SLAP!
EEK!
GIGGLE

I HOPE I DON'T SEE ANYONE I KNOW, IN HERE, THAT'S ALL.
HA! THAT'S A LAUGH... YOU DON'T KNOW ANYONE.

BESIDES THERE'S AN UNSPOKEN ETIQUETTE IN THESE PLACES...
...IF YOU SEE SOMEONE YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING...

HEY...I KNOW HIM!

HEY THERE! MY OL' PAL. HOW YA DOIN'...!?
GULP!

I CAN'T STAND IT, I JUST CAN'T STAND IT.
BONK BONK

GORDON? IT'S ME, FANGS.
GORDON? GORDON!? MY NAMES NOT GORDON, IT'S... AH...IT'S, UM, RUPERT. YOU'VE GOT ME MIXED UP WITH SOMEONE ELSE.

DON'T TALK WET, GORDON. I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE. YOU'RE GORDON ZEDINGTON FROM ALTAR-SIGNUS.
NO, NO! YOU'RE MISTAKEN

AH, I REMEMBER THE GOOD OL' DAYS. $50 A DAY AND ALL THE GROGG I COULD DRINK JUST FOR MURDERING A FEW OF YOUR POLITCAL ENEMIES.
NO, NO! I'M NOT A POLITICAN! I'M A LAVATORY ATTENDANT!

GET OUTTA HERE!
EVERYONE KNOWS YOU'RE PRESIDENT AND HIGH MINISTER OF ALTAR-SIGNUS...

KEEP YOUR FRIGGING VOICE, DOWN YOU STUPID SHIT-HEAD! DO YOU WANT THE WHOLE PLANET TO HEAR YOU!?!
I KNEW IT WAS YOU GORDON.

YOU WOULDN'T THINK A BUSY MAN LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE TIME TO LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE AS RUPERT THE LAVATORY ATTENDANT.
BUGGER OFF!

I'M GLAD I RAN OVER... UH...I MEAN, INTO YOU...
I'M LOOKING FOR WORK AND YOU COULD PUSH A RATHER NICE JOB MY WAY.

REALLY? AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE?
WELL... I HEAR PRINCESS SARRA IS TRAVELLING TO REGUS 4 TO GET MARRIED.

...UH, YES...

...WELL, SHE'LL NEED A BODY GUARD TO GO WITH HER...
AND I'M AN EX-BODY GUARD...

YOU'VE GOTTA BE OUTTA YOUR MIND! NO WAY FANGS!
I DON'T OWE YOU! GET LOST!

OKAY GORDON, I'LL GO...
COULD YOU LEND ME YOUR PHONE, TO RING FOR A CAB.

IF I MUST...

HEH...HEH...HEH...HEH!
ER...WUH... WHAT'S... THAT CARD?

PAPPA RAZZI!! NO!

NO FANGS, DON'T! I'LL BE RUINED! YOU CAN'T!
GORDON...

... I WANT YOU TO WRITE ME A LETTER, APPOINTING ME OFFICAL ROYAL BODY GUARD...
BEEP BEEP BEEP
...AND I WANT IT NOW!

TWO MINUTES LATER...
COME ON DOG, I JUST GOT US A JOB YOU WON'T BELIEVE!
JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO ENJOY IT, TOO...

THIS IS TERRIBLE... IT'S A DISASTER...
GEE... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THAT LETTER HE MADE ME WRITE IS AS GOOD AS AN OFFICAL DOCUMENT...
IT CAN'T BE COUNTERMANDED..!

CAN YOU IMAGINE, FANGS OSWALD McCOY, A MAN WITH NO MORALS WHAT'S SO EVER, GUARDING PRINCESS SARRA FROM IMPROPER ADVANCES?
I DREAD TO THINK WHAT'LL HAPPEN...

THERE'S JUST ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
OH YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?

... SINCE WHEN DID LAVATORY ATTENDANTS APPOINT ROYAL BODY GUARDS RUPERT?
CURTAIN...

WRITTEN + ILLUSTRATED BY PETE FRIEDRICH © 1988.

I'VE GOT **TWO** SISTERS. FOR A LONG TIME ONLY ONE LIVED IN THE SAME CITY I DID. SHE LET ME BE **MYSELF**. SHE LEFT ME **ALONE.** MY OTHER SISTER LIVED *HUNDREDS* OF MILES FROM ME, WHICH WAS GREAT! BUT, INEVITABLY, SHE DECIDED TO MOVE TO **MY** CITY. THIS IS WHEN TROUBLES BEGAN WITH---

MY HELPFUL SISTER!

PETER DARLING! OH **GOD** IT'S SO GOOD TO **SEE** YOU!

BRACED FOR IMPACT

eh...uh.. LONG TIME NO SEE!

THIS IS OUR HOUSE IN **HAPPY HEIGHTS!** ISN'T IT SUMPTUOUS!? YOU KNOW THIS IS **THE** BLOCK TO LIVE ON!

IT'S JUST A FUCKING BROWNSTONE!

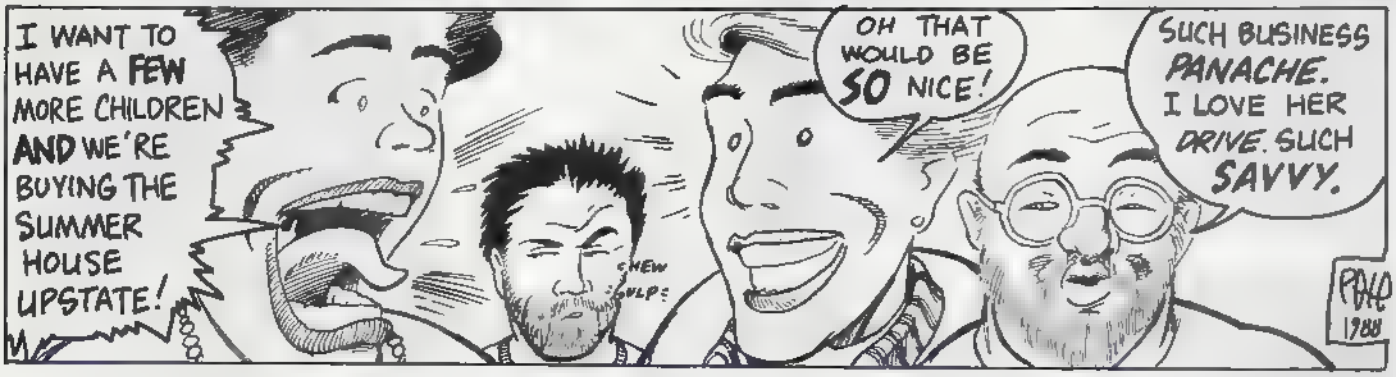
OH I **HAVE** TO SEE YOUR PLACE, DEAR!

NOW *THAT'S* AN INTERESTING THOUGHT! MY SISTER WOULD HAVE A HEART ATTACK IF SHE EVER SAW WHERE HER 28 YR. OLD "BABY" BROTHER LIVED!

EVERYBODY WANTS SOME I WANT SOME TOO

SHE LIKES QUIET DINNERS AT HOME, LISTENING TO BACH CD'S. I PREFER SEEING MY FRIENDS THRASH OUT SONGS IN CLUBS AND GETTING TREACHEROUSLY DRUNK.
IT'S ALSO QUITE IMPORTANT TO GET EXCRUCIATINGLY STONED AND CRUISE THE CITY ALL NIGHT IN A BUDDY'S CONVERTIBLE!
G'NIGHT
G'NIGHT!
AND I ALWAYS GET THE MOST WRECKED THE NIGHT BEFORE I'VE GOTTA MEET MY "CAREER PLANNERS."
BASH!!
THE NEXT NIGHT-
OH EVERYONE! HERE'S MY BROTHER! HE'S A CARTOONIST! ISN'T THAT ZANY? PETER— THIS IS AUGUSTUS, YVES, LAWRENCE, ALEXANDRIA...
hmm
HEH HEH FASCINATING
WELLL HOW DO YOU DO?
HELLO.

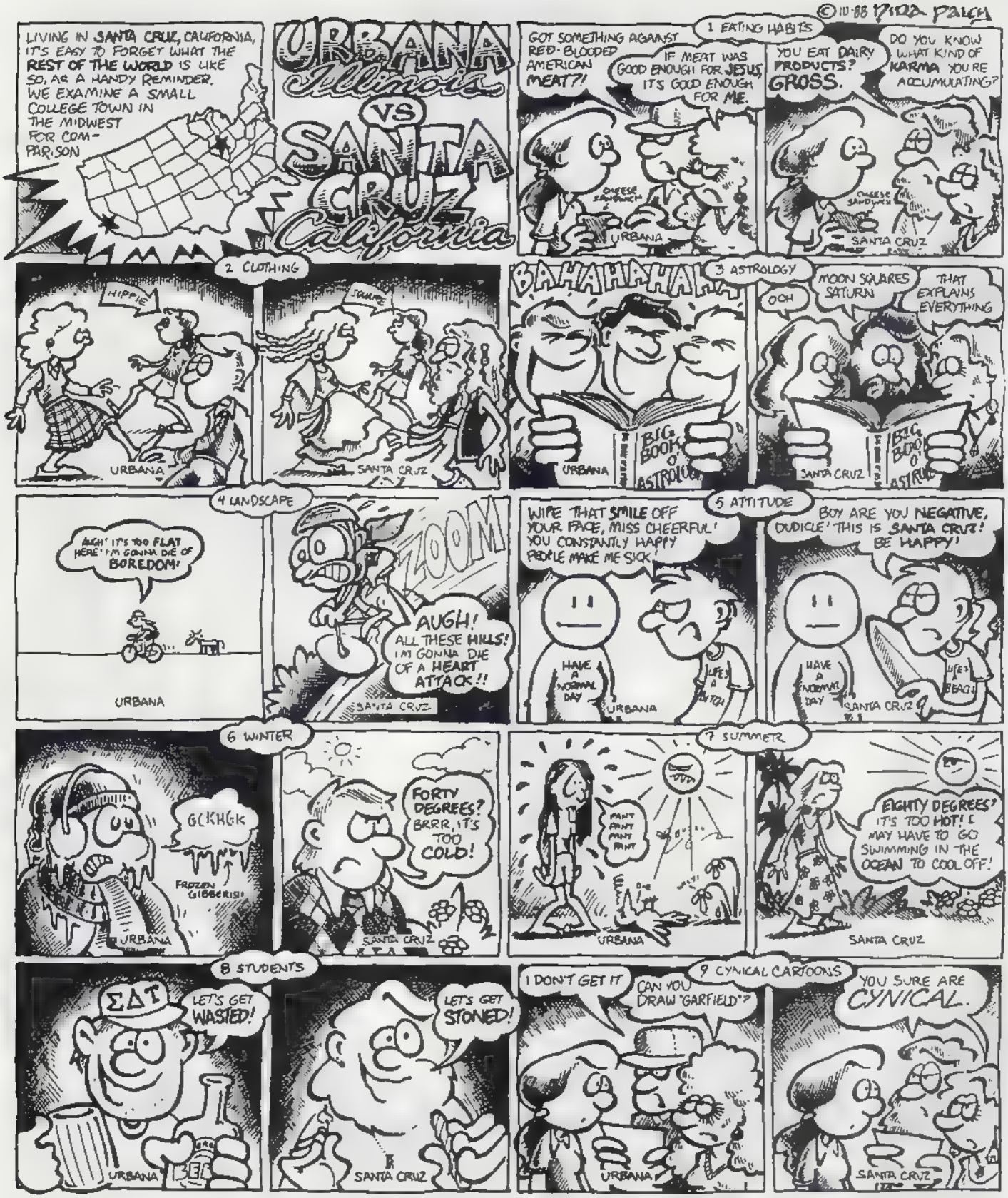
SIT DOWN, DEAR! I WAS JUST TELLING LAWRENCE AND MOTHER ABOUT MY NEWEST BUSINESS VENTURE!
hmm good chow
CHEW CHEW
CHEW CHEW
OH I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!
SHE IS SO AMAZING! NOTHING STOPS THIS WOMAN!


I WANT TO HAVE A FEW MORE CHILDREN AND WE'RE BUYING THE SUMMER HOUSE UPSTATE!
CHEW GULP!
OH THAT WOULD BE SO NICE!
SUCH BUSINESS PANACHE. I LOVE HER DRIVE. SUCH SAVVY.
PAUL 1988

SO, PETER! TELL ME WHAT BIG PROJECTS YOU'VE GOT IN STORE! WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW!?
um nothing special... just freelancing as usual...
COULD YOU CULTIVATE YOUR CARTOONING? YOU'RE SUCH AN INTELLIGENT BOY, YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF!

I TRY MY BEST TO EXPLAIN THAT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LIVE OFF WHAT I DO.
SO, Y'SEE IF I WORK FULL-TIME, I HAVE NO TIME TO DRAW. STORIES WELL UP INSIDE ME UNTIL I EXPLODE!
SO I QUIT MY JOBS! BUT I CAN'T PAY MY RENT OFF COMIC PAGE RATES, SO I FLOAT FROM ONE EXTREME TO ANOTHER.
THE UNCOMPREHENDING STARES OF THE YUPPIES TELLS ME IT'S TIME TO MOVE ALONG IN THIS PARTY.

ZO, MARIA TELL ME YOU'RE VERY VERSATILE, A DESIGNER, ILLUSTRATOR, WRITER...
WELL KIND OF...
WHAT TYPE OF WRITING DO YOU DO?
I JUST WROTE GAGS FOR BAZOOKA JOE AND HIS GANG!
HEH! HEH heh
OH NO, THIS BOZO'S FROM EUROPE, HE'S NEVER BOUGHT BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM!
WELL! ISN'T ZAT INTEREST INK EXCUSE ME, I MUST CIRCULATE! SO MANY FASCINATING PEOPLE TO MEET——
GRMPH
YOU DRAW CARTOONS? WHAT PAPER ARE YOU IN? ARE YOU SYNDICATED?
I DRAW COMIC STRIPS, ACTUALLY. FOR COMIC BOOKS.
OH, I SEE DO YOU WORK FOR THE NEW YORKER?
NO JUST PLAIN COMIC BOOKS
OH...OH! SUPERMAN; THAT TYPE OF THING!
NO! JUST LITTLE REAL-LIFE VIGNETTES ..Y'KNOW ORDINARY LIFE DRAMAS
HA HA! YOU'D PROBABLY MAKE A CARTOON OF THIS CONVERSATION!
HA HA!
ACTUALLY---
YOU ARE CARTOONIST, NO?
GRRRR YES.
WE ARE DISTANT GERMAN COUSINS. THIS PARTY IS BORING.
=PSST= WE WANT TO GET "WASTED". BUY US "POT" AND "ACID", NO?
"WE BUY IF YOU FLY," YA?
END.


©10-88 Vira Paich
LIVING IN SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA, IT'S EASY TO FORGET WHAT THE REST OF THE WORLD IS LIKE SO, AS A HANDY REMINDER, WE EXAMINE A SMALL COLLEGE TOWN IN THE MIDWEST FOR COMPARISON
URBANA Illinois VS SANTA CRUZ California
1 EATING HABITS
GOT SOMETHING AGAINST RED-BLOODED AMERICAN MEAT?!
IF MEAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR JESUS IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
CHEESE SANDWICH
URBANA
YOU EAT DAIRY PRODUCTS? GROSS.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF KARMA YOU'RE ACCUMULATING?
CHEESE SANDWICH
SANTA CRUZ
2 CLOTHING
HIPPIE
URBANA
TRAMPS
SANTA CRUZ
3 ASTROLOGY
BAHAHAHAHA!
URBANA
BIG BOOK O' ASTROLOGY
OOH
MOON SQUARES SATURN
THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING
SANTA CRUZ
BIG BOOK O' ASTROLOGY
4 LANDSCAPE
AUGH! IT'S TOO FLAT HERE! I'M GONNA DIE OF BOREDOM!
URBANA
ZOOM
AUGH! ALL THESE HILLS! I'M GONNA DIE OF A HEART ATTACK!!
SANTA CRUZ
5 ATTITUDE
WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE, MISS CHEERFUL! YOU CONSTANTLY HAPPY PEOPLE MAKE ME SICK!
HAVE A NORMAL DAY
LIFE'S A BITCH
URBANA
BOY ARE YOU NEGATIVE, DUDICLE! THIS IS SANTA CRUZ! BE HAPPY!
HAVE A NORMAL DAY
LIFE'S A BEACH
SANTA CRUZ
6 WINTER
GCKHGK
FROZEN GIBBERISH
URBANA
FORTY DEGREES? BRRR, IT'S TOO COLD!
SANTA CRUZ
7 SUMMER
PANT PANT PANT PANT
URBANA
EIGHTY DEGREES! IT'S TOO HOT! I MAY HAVE TO GO SWIMMING IN THE OCEAN TO COOL OFF!
SANTA CRUZ
8 STUDENTS
ΣΔΤ
LET'S GET WASTED!
URBANA
LET'S GET STONED!
SANTA CRUZ
9 CYNICAL CARTOONS
I DON'T GET IT
CAN YOU DRAW 'GARFIELD'?
URBANA
YOU SURE ARE CYNICAL.
SANTA CRUZ

THE "R-WORD"

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"RELATIONSHIPS." WHAT A TIRED, OLD, WORN-OUT TOPIC

PHOOEY!

NINA WOULD FORGET ABOUT THEM ALTOGETHER IF IT WEREN'T FOR PEOPLE SMOOCHING EVERYWHERE SHE LOOKS

SLURPP! SLOBBER DROOL

DISGUSTING

I WISH I WERE DOING THAT.

EVEN NOW, NINA'S BRAIN LEAPS ABOUT, WONDERING HOW SHE'S GOING TO GET THE RELATIONSHIP OF HER DREAMS

CUT THAT OUT!

WONDER WONDER PONDER PONDER WONDER WONDER

BOING! BOING! YEAP!

EXPERIENCE WOULD SUGGEST THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO "MAKE" A RELATIONSHIP HAPPEN. AT LEAST NOT THE KIND OF RELATIONSHIP YOU WANT. YET NINA ALWAYS WONDERS, IS IT REALLY OUT OF HER CONTROL? DO THESE THINGS REALLY JUST HAPPEN ON "GOD'S TERMS"??

You bet your ass, honey.

VOICE O' GOD

NINA HAS THIS NAGGING FEAR THAT SHE WILL EVENTUALLY GET INTO A ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP, BUT WITH SOMEONE SHE DOESN'T LIKE.

'SIGH' ALL THOSE CUTE GUYS AROUND. TOO BAD I'M STUCK WITH MONDO HERE. OH WELL, "BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS"

SO WHY DOES NINA YEARN FOR A RELATIONSHIP WHEN SHE KNOWS WHAT A PAIN THEY ARE?

YEARN YEARN CRAVE

CUZ YOU'RE A DUMBSHIT!

VOICE O' NEGATIVITY

MAYBE IT'S DUE TO THOSE PESKY HORMONES EXERCISING THEIR POWER..

GO ON! HUP! GET YERSELF A MAN!

HEY!

HORMONES

..OR PERHAPS IT'S DUE TO THE DEEP YEARNINGS OF NINA'S "CHILD WITHIN" FOR PATERNAL LOVE.

WAAAA! I WANT DADDY!!!

SHUT UP! WOULD YOU SHUT UP!?

NINA HASN'T QUITE COME TO TERMS WITH ALL THESE FORCES AT WORK WITHIN HER, AND SO SHE FEELS A LITTLE STRAINED.

STRAIN! STRAIN! UURGH!

BUT SHE KNOWS THERE'S NO POINT IN TRYING TO TELL HER HEART WHAT TO DO

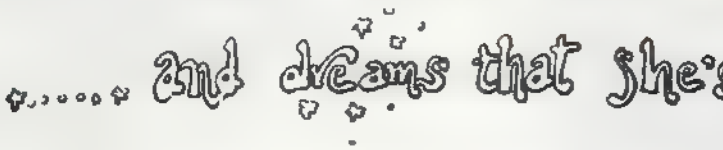
LOOK, I'M DRIVIN' THIS TRAIN, SO QUIT HASSLING ME!

NINA THINKS THERE'S GOT TO BE AN ANSWER TO ALL THESE RELATIONSHIP DILEMMAS WHAT'S THE FUCKING ANSWER?!

OH GOD NO, NOT THAT!!

THE END?

Fidelio sleeps...
Z


...and dreams that she's asleep...
sigh
Z

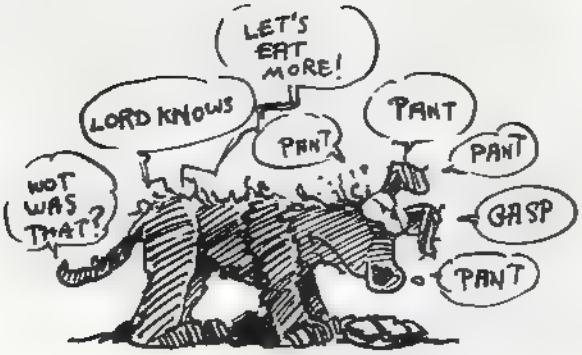
...But all is not well...
BITE
Z

GNAW
CHEW

PASS ME THE KETCHUP.
BITE!

SWALLOW

URP
EAT


LET'S EAT MORE!
LORD KNOWS
PANT
PANT
PANT
WOT WAS THAT?
GASP
PANT

HOLD ON!
MUNCH

YUM
MUNCH

WHOA NELLIE!

GOTCHA!

WAIT!! I'M THE KING FLEA!
KING of ALL THE FLEAS!!... MY, MY... QUITE AN HONOR!—AND QUITE —AN— OPPURTUNITY!! ONE I INTEND TO SAVOR...
NO PLEEZE!!! SPARE ME! AND I'LL CALL OFF ALL MY MEN!!

HMMMM...
OK. THIS TIME, I'LL SPARE YOU.

HEY!! LOYAL SUBJEX!! IT'S ME!! YOUR KING!!! GET OFF HER!!! QUICK!!
DO WOT HE SEZ.
BUT
BUT
BUT
Heh, Heh, Heh. WELL, THANX, VERMIN. —NOW SQUEAK A QUICK CONFESSION TO YOUR OWN WRETCHED LITTLE CHITIN-COVERD DEITY... —AND—
BUT YOU SAID YOU'D SPARE ME THIS TIME!!
THAT WAS THAT TIME & NOW IS NOW.
GASP!!!
ALRIGHT. YOU'VE GOT ME, QUADRAPED —BUT LISTEN— LET ME GO & I'LL TELL YOU A WORD WHICH, WHEN BARKED, WILL KILL ALL THE FLEAS IN A THREE-MILE RADIUS!!!
NO!!!
QUICKLY!! THE WORD!!
The FOUL TRAITOR!! KILL HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!
BY ALL THE GODS! THEY'RE RIGHT!! I AM THE VILEST JUDAS!! I'LL JUST OPEN THE SECRET COMPARTMENT IN MY RING... SWALLOW ALL THE POISON.
AH SWEET POISON!
GULP
AK!
"NOW, ALAS, SHALL UNHOLY CIVIL STRIFE CRY 'HAVOC' AND LET SLIP THE DOGS of WAR"
AT LAST! NOW SHALL I ASPIRE TO FILL A CROWN, SO UNFITLY WORN...
THOU? O WARTY KNAVE? I ALONE SHALL.
WOT? O! THOU DOUBLE-BASS PRETENDERS HAVE AT THEE!!
ARG! GASP! UH-UH...
"...DOGS OF WAR...."?

HULLO YOU LUCKY READERS YOU..! I'M THE VIXEN OF XMAS PRESENTS... MMMMMMM DO I HAVE A STOCKING STUFFER FOR YOU..! AND BELIEVE ME,..THIS IS ONE TRICKY LI'L VIXEN WHO CAN STUFF A STOCKING ..!!

THE MOST DEVASTATING ROCK ALBUM OF THE DECADE !!

ENTIRELY REMASTERED AND REDUBBED FOR CD, CASSETTE OR LONG PLAY HIGH FIDELITY CARD-BOARD RECORD..!

PRESIDENT GEORGE SINGS: ELVIS

INSTRUMENTAL ACCOMPANIMENT BY THE DANNY BUBBLE KAZOO ENSEMBLE

THIS RECORD WILL PUT A BLOOD CLOT ON YOUR BRAIN!

YOU'LL WANT TO STICK ICE PICKS IN YOUR EARS!

HEAR PRESIDENT GEORGE MUMBLE AND FUMBLE HIS WAY THROUGH THE KING'S CLASSIC REPERTOIRE

NOT AVAILABLE IN ANY STORE..! SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER...

YOU'LL GASP AND GURGLE AS HE SHAKES AND SHIMMIES THROUGH, "I'M ALL SHOOK UP..." (OVER IRAN-SCAM)... YOU'LL BE APPALLED AS HE STUMBLES OVER "BLUE SUEDE SHOES"..! YOU'LL WISH YOU COULD SHOVE A SOCK DOWN HIS THROAT AS HE TAKES THE FIFTH ON, "JAIL HOUSE ROCK"!!

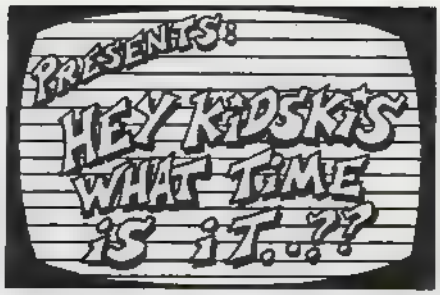
WHAT is THIS KOMRAD FOXSKI..?!? WE COME A LEEDLE LATE TO FINDINK YOU INFILTRATINK OUR STRIP WITH DEGENERATE BOURGEOISIE DEMAGOGUERY !!

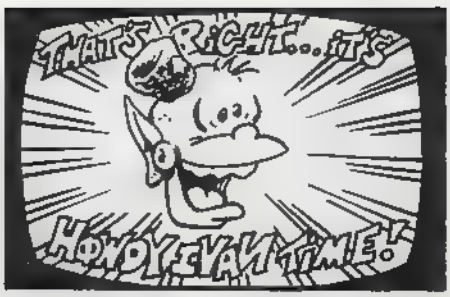
UH OH!

GOLLY

BOT FIRST,.. HOKAY... ROLL THE LOGO..! IN MOTHER ROOSSIA WE HAVE SAYINK..."EARLY BIRD IS CATCHINK WORMS"..HOWEVER IF ONE IS NYET LIKINK TO EAT WORMS,..IS BEST TO FOLL-OWINK PRESCRIBED PROCEDURES..!

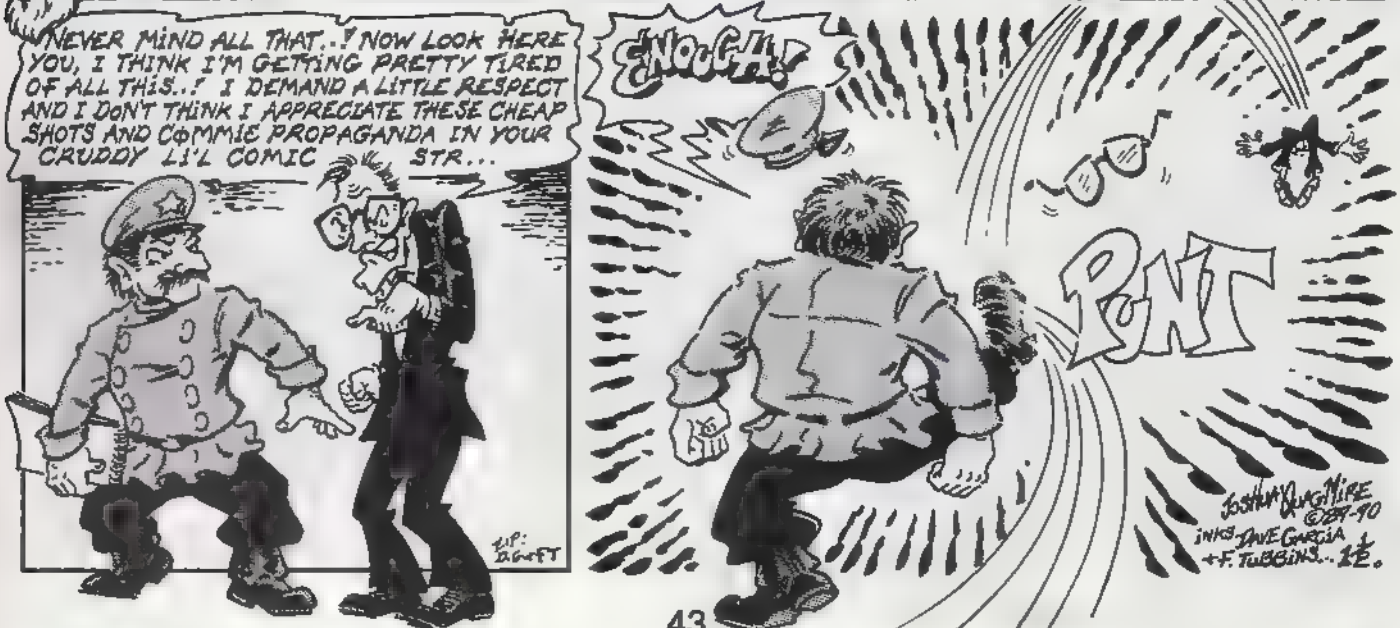
UNCLE JOE'S COMMIE STRIP


PRESENTS:
HEY KIDSKIS WHAT TIME IS IT..??


THAT'S RIGHT... IT'S
HOWDY EVAN TIME!

DOTS BADDER..! NOW,.. YOU SHOULD BE SHAMED KOMRAD FOXSKI! IS FORTUNATE IS NEW ERA OF GLASNOST AND PERESTROIKA OR YOU SHOULD BE SPENDINK XMAS IN GULAG..!
OH POO!
ELFUS, FEHH! SUCH A THING TO SELL TO LEEDLE KIDSKIS!
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU COULD BE SELLINK, UNCLE JOE'S WORLD WAR II CALENDAR, FEATURINK PIN-UPS OF THOSE FASCIST CUTIES, HEIDI AND ETSUKO,.. ALSO COMMISSAR SVELTE SVETLANA ...EVEN HOWDY IVAN TOO...
HEIDI
1942
SEND ONLY 54 RUBLES, 7 KOPECKS + AK-47 AMMO CAN BOX TOP, CARE OF BOX 2221 STALINGRAD, USSR...

NOW CHUST DER MINUTES JOE ..! VEE NAZI-PIECE OF ZAT ACTION! MIT OUT US UNT ONLY DOT UGLY READERS YOU THINKEN YOU HAFF LEFT FOR COMIX STRIP..?!?
NINJA ELFS ARE VANTING DER PAN OF YOURS TO OGGLE AT. HOW MANY ZIS VER-GLUNGENT
IS TLUE?


NEVER MIND ALL THAT..! NOW LOOK HERE YOU, I THINK I'M GETTING PRETTY TIRED OF ALL THIS..! I DEMAND A LITTLE RESPECT AND I DON'T THINK I APPRECIATE THESE CHEAP SHOTS AND COMMIE PROPAGANDA IN YOUR CRUDDY LI'L COMIC STR...
ENOUGH!
PUNT
JOSHUA QUAGMIRE ©89-90
INKS DAVE GARCIA + F. TUBBINS.. 1E.

EXCUSE PLIZZ AS COMMISSAR SVETLANA IS ATTACHINK RUBBER EARS...THEN I AM EXPLAININK TRUE SPIRIT UF XMAS...IS TIME UF PEACE AND CHEER...ON XMAS ALL NAZI-NINJA EVEN SOCIALIST ELFS ARE KOMRADS... TOMORROW WE ARE KILLINK EACH ODDER WITH RENEWED VIGOR...IS GOOD NO..? DA XMAS IS OLD ROOSSIAN INVENTION...!

I HAVE TO STAY HERE... BUT THE REST OF YOU CAN TAKE OFF TILL THIS BLOWS OVER...

COMIINK HERE LEEDLE BUNNY, AND UNCLE JOE WILL TELLINK YOU STORY UF XMAS IN SIBERIA...

HIDY... MY NAME'S TAFFY..!

AN LETTINK ME TO YOU INTRODUCE, MY LEEDLE PAL, HOWDY IVAN, AND KOMRAD PUPPET, CASTRO BOY...

S'ALRIGHT

AND IF YOU ARE VERY VERY GOOD LEEDLE TAFFY, YOU TOO CAN GROWINK UP TO BE LOYAL BOLSHEVIK BUNNY...

IS THAT LIKE THE CAMPFIRE BUNNYS UNCA' JOE?

NYET... IS MUCH BADDER...

NOW I AM TELLINK YOU STORY UF BELOVED MARXIST KLAUS... HE KNOWS WHEN YOU ARE SLEEPINK, HE KNOWS WHEN YOU'RE AWAKE... HE KNOWS IF YOU'VE BEEN BAD OR GOOD...FOR HE HAS SECRET POLICE TO INTERROGATE...

WORK HIM OVER 'TILL HE CONFESSES BOYS...

DA BOSS

SMEK SMEK SMEK

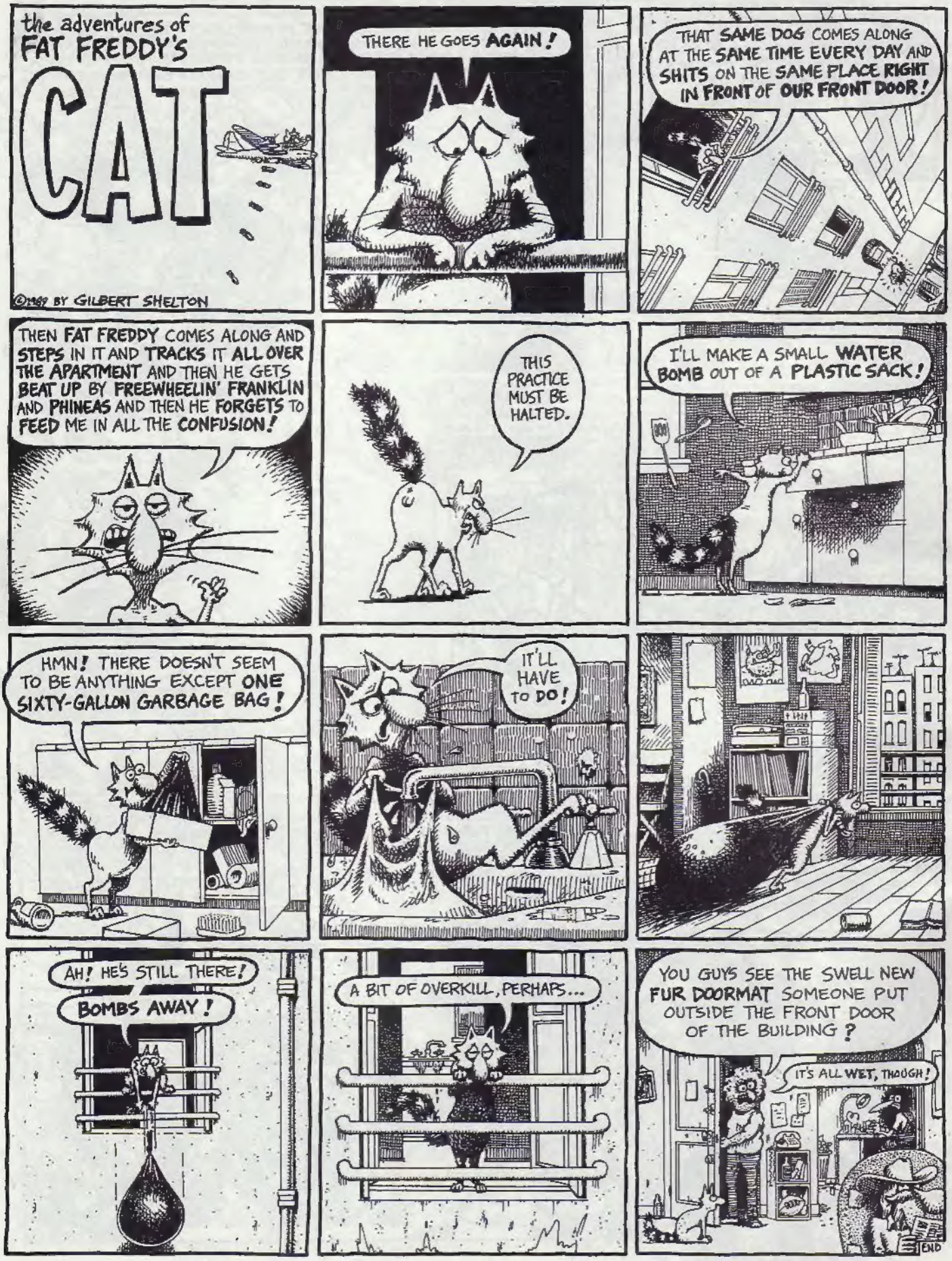
YI

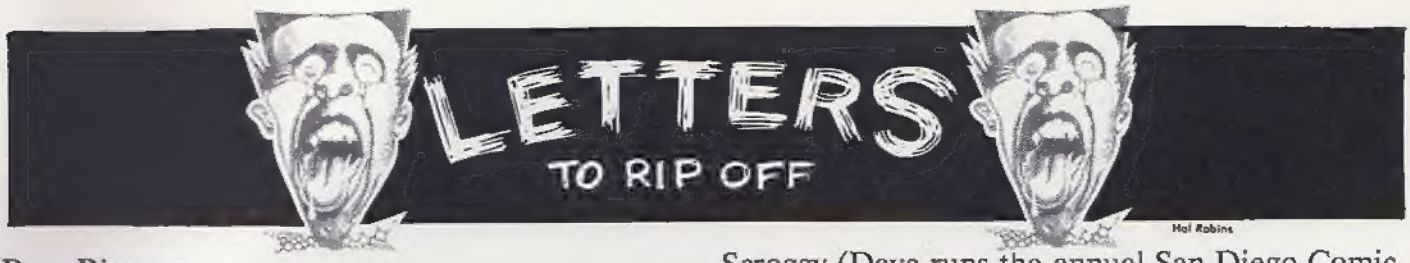
BEEP BEEP

EFERY YEAR FROM FARM TO FACTORY HE IS GOING ... ALL GOOD LEEDLE SOCIALIST ELFS, HE GIFFS POTATO FOR PRESENT, .. AND FOR ALL BAD LEEDLE COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY ELFS, HE IS GIFFING CLOP ON THE HEAD, AND ONE WAY TICKET TO GULAG ...
GOLLY
SPEAK INTO THE POTATO COMRAD...
SAY THE SECRET WOID, AN WIN A CLOP ON THE HEAD!
YI!
AT'SA SOME JOKE, EH BOSS..?
NEIN, NICHT!!
iss NOT True Spirit uf XMAS!! Back in Fadderland, ve all Gather around Big Pile uf Burning Books at Bund Meeting unt sing Cheery Xmas Marches...
Like So!
ADOLF the Brown Shirt ReinDeer, had a very Shiny Gun, unt if you ever saw it, you Vould turn around unt Run..! all uf The General staffers used to Laugh unt Call Him Names...
PHOOMP PAH PAH!
But They Nefer Let Poor ADOLF Join in any BLITZKRIEG AIMS... Then von FOGGY Saturday Nite, HERMANN GOERING came to say... "ADOLF Mit your Gun so Bright, Let's Invade PO-LAND Tonite..!"
Then how the Generals Loved Him... as They Shouted out With Glee... "ADOLF The Brown Shirt ReinDeer, You'll Go Down in INFAMY..."
HMMPH! IS VELLY MUCH LOTTEN!
$$$

IN NIPPON WE TELL JOYOUS XMAS FABLE OF, SAMURAI CLAUS... MORE RABID THAN SHURIKENS HIS RAIDERS THEY CAME... HE WHISTLED AND SHOUTED AND CALLED THEM BY NAME... NOW AKAGI, NOW KAGA, NOW HIRYU AND SORYU! ON SHOKAKU, ON ZUIKAKU, ON HOSHO AND SHINANO..! THEN WITH A CLATTER WE HEAR HIM OUTSIDE... BUT HE HACKS DOWN THE DOOR BEFORE THEY CAN HIDE...!
HIS EYES HOW THEY TWINKLE, HIS DIMPLES HOW MERRY... AS HE STUFFS IN HIS FACE, ALL THE FOOD HE CAN CARRY..! HE DRINKS ALL THEIR SAKE, HE EATS ALL THEIR RICE, FOR SAMURAI CODE, IS TO BE GREEDY, NOT NICE..!!
CHOMP
SLOBBER
GULP
CREAM SODA
THEN WITH A BELCH, HE SPRINGS TO HIS SLED, WHIPS OUT HIS KATANA, AND CHOPS OFF THE
ENOUGH!
IS NYET GOOD TO BE SLANDERING REPRESSIVE FASCIST IDEOLOGY TO LEEDLE BUNNY!
DO NOT TO BE CONFUSING HER... YOU WANT SHE SHOULD GROWING UP TO BE TROTSKYITE ?!?
I HAVENT YET ALSO TOLD STORY OF KAPITALIST KRINGLE AND HOW EVERY YEAR IN BOURGEOIS IMPERIALIST WEST, TO LEEDLE KIDDIES HE IS SELLING TOY GUNS, MISSILES, BOMBS, TANKS F-15S, AWACS... AND INDOCTRINATING THEM IN WAYS OF WARMONGERING INTERNATIONAL KAPITALIST CONSPIRACY..!
SOON THEY ARE PLOTTING TO SUPPRESS FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLE'S REVOLU
NEIN! ADOLF the BROWN SHIRT REINDEER!
SAMURAI CLAUS IS BEST.!!
NYET IS MARXIST KLAUS!
SAMURAI
MARXIST
ADOLF
NOW'S MY CHANCE..!
4.

THAT'S RIGHT, GET OVER HERE PRONTO! AND DON'T STOP FOR A JELLY DOUGH-NUT!!
TREACHERY! AS I SUSPECTED, DEVIOUS FASCIST CURS ARE NOT TO BE TRUSTED..! NO MATTER, COMMISSAR SVETLANA, AND HER COMMIE COMMANDO SHOCK TROOPS ARE PUTTINK DOWN INSURRECTION..! WAIT'LL THEY SEE SOVIET ELF MAIDENS... NOW DOTS SHOCKINK!!
GOLLY
BIF
POW
FUD
OOF
LOOK!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
UH-HUNKA HUNKA
UH, DON'T BE CRUEL, VICKY-O,..I'VE BEEN TRAVELING NIGHT AN DAY, I'VE BEEN RUNNIN' ALL THE WAY..YEAH, I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO GET TO YOU..LIKE, CROSSTOWN TRAFFIC Y'KNOW.. 'CAUSE, IT'S ONE FO' THE MONEY..TWO FO' THE SHOW..
DON'T LOOK NOW,..BUT...
IT'S ELFUS!
GO CAT GO!
LIKE YIKE!
WE ARE DEFEATED KOMRAD FOXSKI,..WITH ALL FAIR SOCIALIST ELF MAIDENS CHASINK DEGENERATE KAPITALIST ELFUS, IS NO ONE LEFT FOR TO PULLINK PLOW...
LAWDY, MISS CLAWDY, DON'T STEP ON MY BLUE SUEDES!! OH ME, I'M GONNA HAVE A BLACK'N'BLUE XMAS! LIKE I'M ALL SHOOK UP!
LIKE WOW!
ARE YOU NYET CHASINK HIM TOO, KOMRAD FOXSKI..??
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
ELFUS!
OH ELFUS!
KISS ME
NO ME!
ME VIRST!
ELFUS
ELFUS!
WHY? I DON'T DIG GUYS...
THAT'S ALL FOLKS...
5.


the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
©1969 BY GILBERT SHELTON
THERE HE GOES AGAIN!
THAT SAME DOG COMES ALONG AT THE SAME TIME EVERY DAY AND SHITS ON THE SAME PLACE RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR FRONT DOOR!
THEN FAT FREDDY COMES ALONG AND STEPS IN IT AND TRACKS IT ALL OVER THE APARTMENT AND THEN HE GETS BEAT UP BY FREEWHEELIN' FRANKLIN AND PHINEAS AND THEN HE FORGETS TO FEED ME IN ALL THE CONFUSION!
THIS PRACTICE MUST BE HALTED.
I'LL MAKE A SMALL WATER BOMB OUT OF A PLASTIC SACK!
HMN! THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING EXCEPT ONE SIXTY-GALLON GARBAGE BAG!
IT'LL HAVE TO DO!
AH! HE'S STILL THERE!
BOMBS AWAY!
A BIT OF OVERKILL, PERHAPS...
YOU GUYS SEE THE SWELL NEW FUR DOORMAT SOMEONE PUT OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR OF THE BUILDING?
IT'S ALL WET, THOUGH!
END



Dear Rippers,

As usual I really dug the latest issue of *Rip Off Comix*. It looks like everybody had a pretty wild time at the San Diego Con—I hope I can make it out one of these years. But who were all those people, anyway?

Anna Domino
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Anna,

You're not the only reader of *Rip Off No. 24* who wanted the answer to that question. So, for everybody who doesn't know the "luminaries" of the comix scene by sight, here's the cast of characters:

Page 17: Upper right: the lovely Leslie Sternbergh (*Weird Smut, Tits & Clits*). Left to right, Back row: Larry Todd (creator of *Dr. Atomic* and many other comix), Cory Marder, Kate Crabb (both wives of cartoonists), Kathe Todd (your Editor), Larry (creator of *Beanworld*) and Cory Marder, Peggy Farrar (among other things, wife of *Cocaine Comix*' George DiCaprio). Front row: Jackie Estrada (long-time member of the San Diego Con staff), Kate Crabb, Dave Cherry (cartoonist whose work has appeared in *Viper, HECK!* and elsewhere).

Page 18: Top: Joshua Quagmire (creator of *Cutey Bunny, Uncle Joe* and many more), R.L. Crabb (of *Rockers, Junior Jackalope* and many issues of *Rip Off Comix*) and Kate Crabb. Back row: Rebecca Wright (*Wimmen's Comix*), Steve Lafler (*Dog Boy* and many more), French cartooning legend Moebius, Mary Fleener (*Rip Off Comix* among many), Rip Off Press President Fred Todd, Ray Zone (3-D Comix pioneer and publisher), Dennis Worden (creator of *Stickboy*). Front row: The Pander Brothers (either Arnold and Jacob, or is it Jacob and Arnold), J.R. Williams (*Rip Off Comix*), Carol Lay (creator of *Good Girls*), Don Donahue (founder of Apex Novelties and UG comix maven)—in his party shirt.

Page 19: Top: Night Train Express, Beer, Cigarettes and the Garish Socks Award. Back row: Larry Welz (creator of *Cherry*), Roger May (cartoonist, 3-D technician and minicomix publisher), Larry Marder, R.L. Crabb, Rosemary and David Scroggy (Dave runs the annual San Diego Comic Book Expo), Michael Kaluta (famed fantasy illustrator). Front row: Paul Mavrides (co-creator of The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers), Edd Vick (publisher of Seattle's major fanzine, *Comics F/X*), Wayne Honath (whose "Howie the Hat" and other comix have appeared in *Rip Off*), John (from Hi De Ho Comics in Santa Monica), a belly dancer, *Rockers* inker George Parsons, Rick Griffin (in the Ramones shirt, one of the original *Zap Comix* crew), Jack Kirby (he's smiling because they finally gave him his art back...).

Page 20: Top: Kate Crabb, The Pizz. Back row: Kitchen Sink publisher Denis Kitchen, cartoonist Valentino, Erick Gilbert (editor of *Viper* and general Weird Guy), Last Gasp publisher Ron Turner. Front row: *Batman* creator Gil Kane, *Comics Buyers' Guide's* Don and Maggie Thompson, Krystine Kryttre (one of the rising women stars of the Underground), The Pizz (a cartoonist, also a Weird Guy.).

The San Diego Comic Con's on during Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of the first week in August each year. The weather down there's great, there are a lot of things besides the convention to do in the area (Sea World, the famous San Diego Zoo, Tijuana and Disneyland are all within a relatively short drive) and it definitely qualifies as the biggest opportunity of the year for meeting everybody in the west coast comix crowd. I'd urge all readers who might get the opportunity to schedule their vacations so they can make the trip. We'd love to see more of the fans, especially from outside the Southern California area.

—Editor

KEEP THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS COMING!
WE NEED MORE GRIST FOR OUR MILL, MORE FEEDBACK!
SO SEND US YOUR REACTIONS, SUGGESTIONS, CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM, SPARE CHANGE, SPEED, ACID, LIDS...
OOPS. WELL, SEND US *SOMETHING*, ANYWAY!

Send correspondence to:

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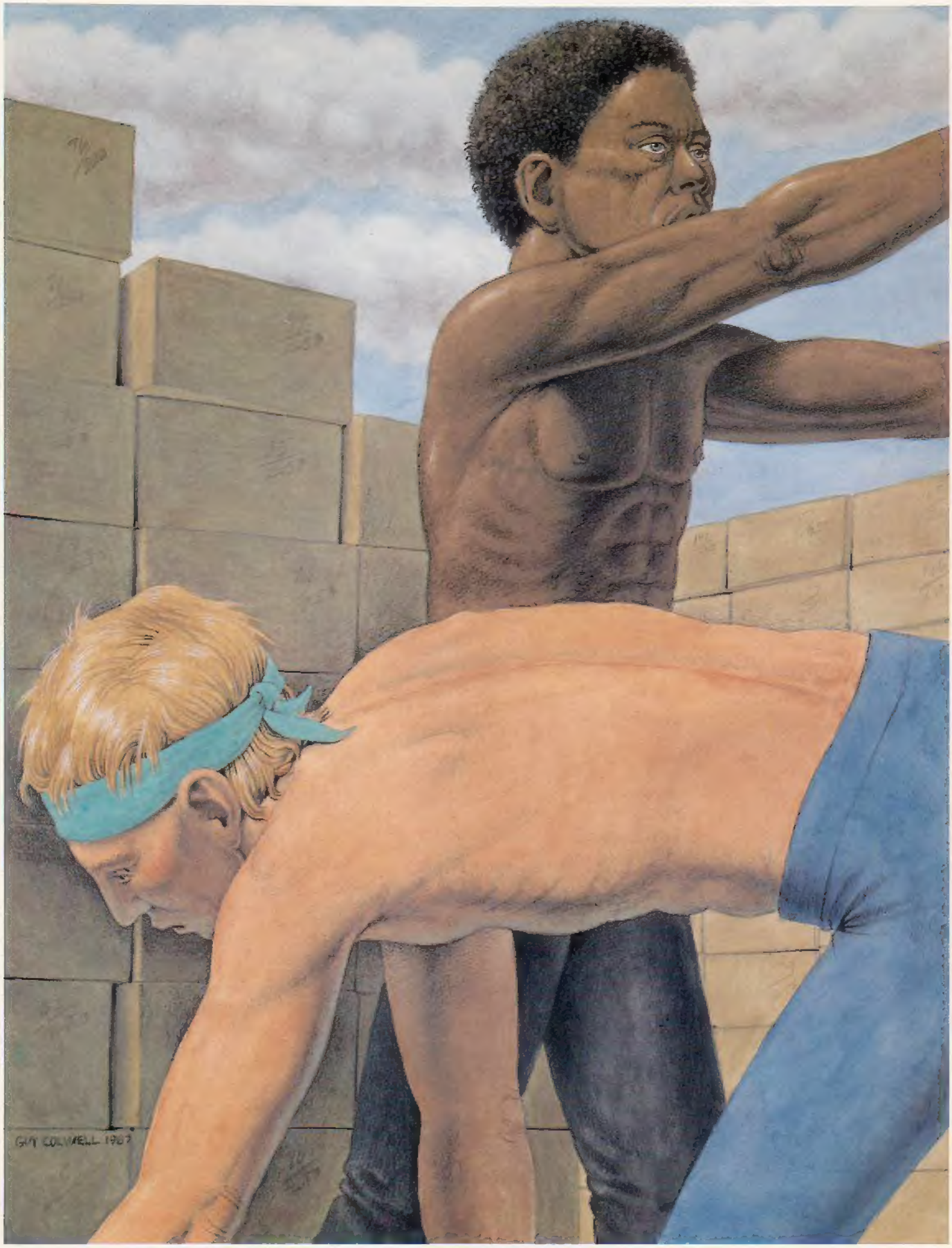
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